
THE
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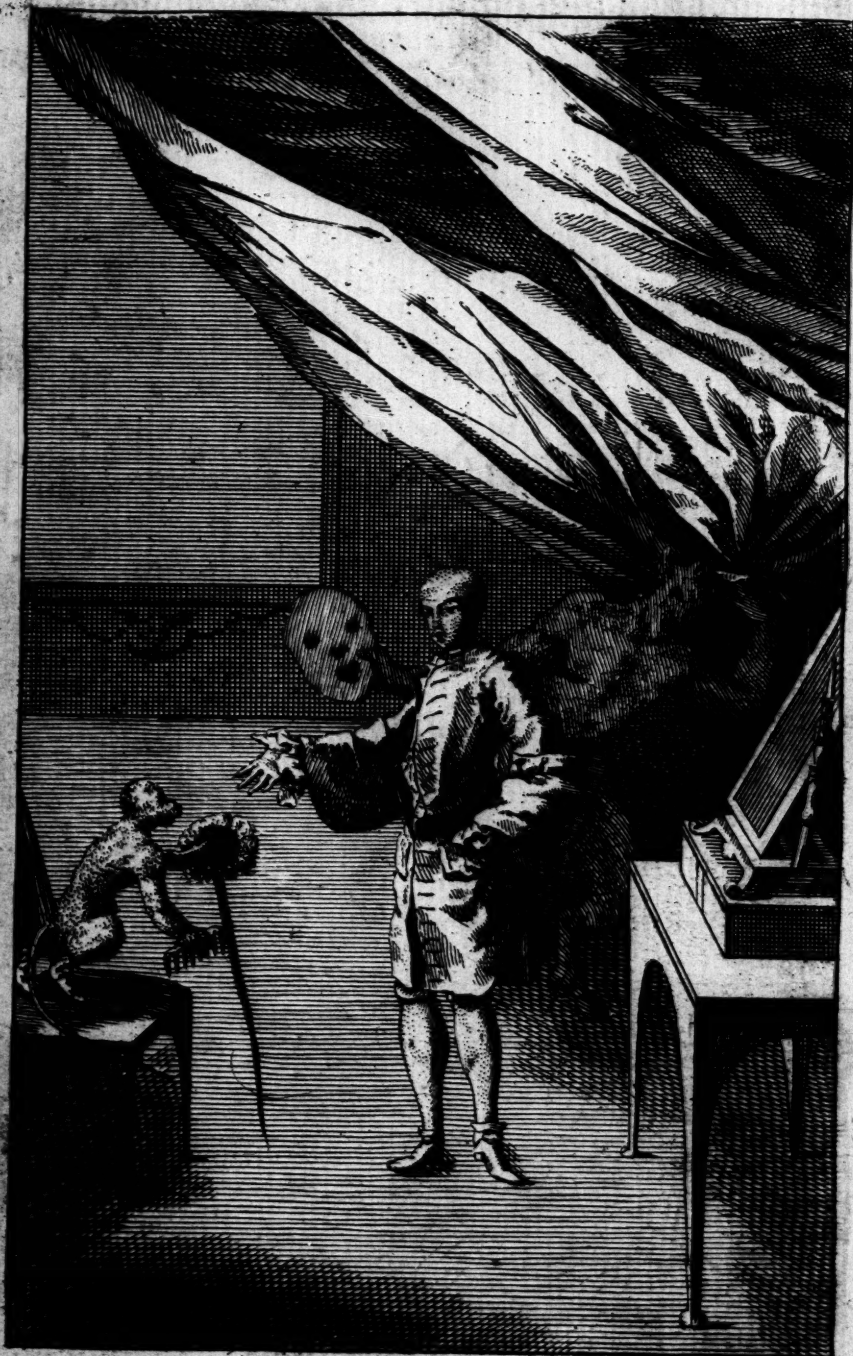
OF

MR. JOSEPH THURSTON

W O K S

W O R K S





A. Motte delin & Sc.

3 H.c.
19
P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS:

In which are included,

THE TOILETTE,

AND

THE FALL

By **JOSEPH THURSTON, Gent.** K.

—*Si placeo, Tuum est.*

Hor.

The SECOND Edition.

L O N D O N :



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I'S

P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

Part of the 104th Psalm.

GREAT art thou, *Lord*, with dazling brightness
crown'd,
Compleat in Glory, and with Light enthron'd.
Thy artful hand outstretch'd the Heav'ns on high,
And turn'd the convex of the vaulted Sky.
Thy Clouds, as chariots, Thee their Maker bear,
And Winds officious waft Thee thro' the Air.
By Thee this beautilous frame of Earth was made;
A pond'rous Mass, on firm Foundations laid :

B

What

What time immers'd beneath the Waves she lay,
 High o'er her mountains flow'd the swelling sea :
 Subdu'd by Thee, the swelling Seas subside
 And blended oceans at Thy Word divide ;
 No more licentious wander o'er the ground,
 But peaceful back retire, and roar around.
 Where pathless Woods and Rocks impervious rise,
 Thy careful Goodness ev'ry want supplies.
 Thro' the wide Waste the limpid Currents stray,
 Green springs the Herbage, and the Trees are gay ;
 Here undisturb'd the savage Kind resort,
 Bound o'er the hills, and thro' the forest sport ;
 Joyful, secure, the cooling stream they taste,
 Profuse around them rises their repast :
 While on each branch the Birds harmonious sing,
 And hail the beauties of the kindling Spring.

By Thee the Moon was form'd, serenely bright,
 Refulgent ruler of the silent night :
 With various Shapes she charms th'observing Eye,
 And gilds the horrors of the midnight sky :
 Her cheerful Beams departed day-renew,
 Dance on the deep, and glitter o'er the dew.
 See the bright Sun unwearied roll around,
 And feed with genial fires the pregnant ground ;
 To stated Times obedient, mark his Way ;
 And now contract, and now extend the Day :

With

PART of the 104th P S A L M.

3

With Ev'ning light he paints the glowing *West*,
And warns the busie world to needful rest :
Then awful Night exerts her solemn reign,
Broods o'er the hills, and spreads upon the plain.
Fierce from his den the brindled *Lion* moves,
And stalks impatient thro' the sable groves ;
From his dread Roar the herds affrighted flee ;
To them a Terror, but a Prayer to Thee.

Nor is Thy Care (Oh Lord !) on *Earth* alone.
Extended *Oceans* Thy Protection own ;
Thy wondrous Works extend thro'out the Main,
And Swarms unnumber'd crowd the wat'ry plain.
See thro' the waves the *Whale* enormous sport,
The groaning waters scarce his weight support :
He turns his monstrous bulk in careless Play,
And spouts an *Ocean* in the Face of Day.
To these their Food Thy hands unsparing give ;
Thy Care protects them, and by Thee they live.
At Thy Command they yield their borrow'd breath,
And prostrate fall the sacrifice of Death :
But Thou (Oh Lord !) for ever shalt remain,
Thy Pow'r eternal, and supream Thy Reign.
Let scornful Fools Thy Sacred Name deride,
Despise Thy Laws, and boast their impious Pride ;
Be *mine* to praise, to wonder, and adore,
'Till Life's precarious moments are no more.

70

To CELIA.

I.

Forgive, 'Thou Fairest of thy kind,
 Forgive the wretched Swain,
 Who, while thy Charms distract his mind,
 Presumes to tell his pain.

II.

While other Beauties I rever'd,
 Amusement 'twas to me ;
 For still some kind Defect appear'd,
 And I again was free.

III.

With wonder *Sylvia's* Eyes I view'd,
 But felt not long the smart ;
 For when I found the sullen Prude,
 I soon recall'd my heart.

I blest

TO CELIA

IV.

I blest her Voice when *Sappho* sung,

Can only music kill ?

Pastora's Beauty pleaded strong,

But Wit was wanting still.

V.

Thou, *Celia*, only art design'd

To keep a Lover true :

Thy ev'ry charm of Face and Mind

Must ev'ry heart subdue.

VI.

To some a beauteous Form is giv'n,

To others Wit or Air ;

But Thou (oh ! why so partial, Heav'n ?)

Dost all together share.

Good Advice.

I.

PRithee leave this idle Tale ;

Spend not all these Sighs in vain ;

If at last you can't prevail,

Curse her Pride, and break her chain.

II.

Were She the only One remaining
 Of her dear deceitful sex ;
 I should not blame you for complaining;
 'Twould an *Aristotle* vex.

III.

But since Women up and down
 (Thanks to Heav'n) are found in plenty,
 Ne'er regret the loss of One,
 When you will, you may have Twenty.

The second ODE of Anacreon
imitated.

NATURE generous adorns
 The furlly *Bull* with pointed Horns:
 With matchless strength she arms the *Horse* ;
 The *Hare* with swiftness for the course :
 The roaring *Lion*, void of fear,
 Laughs at the dart, and mocks the spear:
 Secure in scales the *Fishes* glide,
 The *Birds* on painted pinions ride,
 And *Men* have Reason for their guide.

What

SONG.

What must then poor *Women* do ?

Women sure have something too.

Beauty is the *Women's* part ;

Beauty captivates the Heart ;

Potent Beauty takes the field,

Swiftness, Strength, and Reason yield.

SONG.

I.

THIS true, I know my Passion vain,
Nor hope to win the Fair,

Yet still persist to hug my chain,

And triumph in Despair.

II.

What Merit can the shepherd boast

Who finds a yielding Maid ?

He mercenary is at most

Who serves but to be paid.

III.

Let me, tho' Love's with Hate return'd,

Indulge that love the more,

And when I'm slighted, loath'd, and scorn'd,

Be silent, and adore.

In

ON CORINNA.

IV.

In those dear Eyes, that Angel Face,
So many Beauties lie;
Be this (ye Fates) my humble place,
To gaze, admire, and die.

On CORINNA.

WITH sudden Joy, and glad Surprizes
When first I saw *Corinna's* Eyes,
Fearless I gaz'd, and scorn'd to fly
So soft, so fair an enemy.
With eager Pleasure I survey'd
The lovely too-enchanting maid;
Her balmy Lips, and panting Breast,
Where Gods would leave their Heav'n to rest;
Too much I saw, too soon I found
The fatal, yet alluring wound.
Take heed, ye Swains; by me beware,
And look not on a Face so fair;
Avoid with care th' ensnaring toils,
For so bewitching are her Smiles,
That none but what are blind can fly,
And all who stay are sure to die.

Epilogue

Epilogue to the Careless Husband ; for
 Lord Foppington.

SHE's gone, and I by Providence uncommon
 Have kept my Senses, tho' I've lost my Woman ;
 And, to my comfort, still have this to say,
 Tho' *Morelove* caught, 'twas I who chas'd the prey.
 So the tir'd hare a mongrel Curr may kill ;
 The gen'rous Hounds will have the credit still.
 Like me, ye Beaux, pursue the flying Fair ;
 Do you but win, and let another wear.
 True Sportsmen only at diversion aim,
 Your lazy Gluttons love to eat the game.
 Which of us two, d'ye think, hast most miscarried ?
 I am contented, and my rival's married.
 'Tis true, he may be happy in his Wife ;
 But 'tis a happiness must last for Life.
 Had he, like me, but for Amusement lov'd,
 Gay and unquestion'd he might still have rov'd ;
 But, dully constant, he embrac'd the chain ;
 Confinement, tho' to Pleasure, is a Pain.
 Thus on a time (as ancient authors say)
 A wanton *Eagle* bore a *Lamb* away ;

Him,

Him, while he sported with his prey in air,
 A mimic *Crow* attentive ey'd from far ;
 Strait on a *Lamb* (like him) he fell from high,
 But, oh ! in vain (like him) he strove to fly ;
 The envious Fleece th' unwary fool confin'd :
 Soft are the Marriage Tyes, but fast they bind.

To Chloe weeping.

WHAT Nymph but *Chloe* thus appears,
 Adorn'd, and beautiful in Tears ?
 With such a grace from her they flow,
 We gaze, and are in Love with Woe.
 Too potent Fair, whose gentle sway
 Can charm alike in every way !
 Whose Smiles the coldest heart can warm,
 Whose Sighs the fiercest rage disarm :
 Those Eyes, tho' swell'd with Sorrow, move
 Full of Softness, full of Love.
 Those Cheeks their beauty yet maintain,
 (Roses blooming in the rain !)
 Yet you all restless are ;
 Weeping, sighing, killing fair.

SONG.

SONG

II

CHLOE's Eyes are so alluring,
Nought can please when she is by:
Beauty fatal, past enduring,
Never kind but when you fly!

III

Celia's Shape can only charm us,
While my *Chloe* is not here:
Flavia's Air would cease to warm us,
Should She but again appear.

III

Thus, when *Phæbus'* glories leave us,
Thousand fainter Lights we view:
These some trifling pleasures give us,
'Till the Planet shines anew.

IV

But when he at Morn arises,
All triumphant, bright, and gay,
They whom e'ery one despises,
Envious, fading flee away.

SONG

SONG.

I.

PHYLLIS, would you have me love you?
 Truce with that affected Scorn:
 Artless if I fail to move you,
 I shall never learn to mourn.

II.

Fops may ogle, sigh, and languish,
 Swear you Life or Death can give;
 Tho' your rigour cause me Anguish,
 Yet, believe me, I shall live.

III.

You are but your self disarming,
 While you give your lover Pain;
 Beauty ceases to be charming,
 Once 'tis tainted with Disdain.

IV.

Use me kindly, fairest creature,
 You shall ever find me true;
 Yet so stubborn is my nature,
 Slighted, I can bid adieu.

 T O L O V E.

E M P T Y Good of Human kind,
 Gay Delusion of the Mind,
 Gentle Passion, pleasing Cheat,
 Known, and yet indulg'd Deceit,
 Soft Seducer, hence ! away !
 More ungarded Hearts betray :
 Hence ! away with all thy Train,
 Fancy'd Pleasure, real Pain,
 Artful Glances, female Wiles,
 Speaking Silence, soothing Smiles.
 Free from thy enervate dart,
 Greater *Bacchus* guards my heart ;
Bacchus comes with ivy crown'd,
 Fill the flowing bowls around ;
 Fill the thirsty goblet high ;
 Who would for a *Phyllis* die ?
 Who would fondly hug his chain ?
 Fill the flowing bowls again.
 Vain is Wine's fantastic aid,
 Potent *Love* will be obey'd.
 Potent *Love*, to thee I yield ;
Bacchus routed, quits the Field.
 Joyful I resign my Arms,
 While I gaze on *Cbloe's* Charms,

SONG.

I.

SILVIA was tender, soft, and young,
The Wonder of the Plain,
The Theme of every Shepherd's Song,
And Auth'res of his Pain.

II.

To gaze on her each am'rous Boy
Would waste the livelong Day,
Let Wolves his helpless Lambs destroy,
Or Flocks unheeded stray.

III.

But *Silvia*, rash, unthinking Maid!
Too fondly turn'd a Wife,
Let all her blooming Beauties fade,
And lost the prime of Life.

IV.

So on the Tree the blushing Rose
Charms all beholding Eyes;
But, pluck'd and torn from whence it grows,
It withers, fades, and dies.

To Chloe.

I.

CHLOE could I reveal my Pain,
It must your Pity move ;
But all Attempts would be in vain
To tell how much I love.

II.

Your Beauty with my Grief compare,
And think upon my Woe ;
As wretched I, as You are fair ;
That You are fair, you know.

On CELIA departing.

I.

TOO soon, alas ! she takes her Flight,
And with Her all we prize ;
The flow'ry Lawns no more delight,
No more the shady Trees invite,
Bereft of Celia's Eyes.

C 2

The

II.

The silent Streams that u'sd to flow,
 Soft gliding thro' the Plain,
 In troubled Murmurs speak their Woe,
 And by their restless Current show
 They seek the Fair in vain.

III.

Soon as the cheerless Mornings rise,
 And streaks of Day appear,
 Anxious, I curse th' enlighten'd Skies,
 Which only serve to show my eyes,
 That *Celia* is not here.

IV.

Since Thou, bright cruel Maid, art fled,
 No Marks of Joy are seen;
 No more the Roses glow with red,
 No more the Lilly lifts it's head,
 Nor are the Valleys green.

V.

So quits the *Sun* the western sky,
 So we his Absence mourn:
 Like him, You gladden every eye;
 And as too soon (like him) you fly,
 Like him again return.

The

The Tea-Table.

WHY *Female Minds* are overcharg'd with Spleen,
 What forms Illnature, and promotes Chagrin,
 Why *Celia* frets when *Chloe* is a Toast,
 How Fans are broke, and Reputations lost,
 I sing : a Theme how irksom, to explore
 Things unattempted and unknown before !

Ye virtuous *Wives*, and antiquated *Maids*,
 Who hate the Plays, and shun the Masquerades ;
 Ye wanton *Prudes*, who can in secret sin ;
 You who *are not*, and you who once *have been* ;
 To you alone my sage Advice is due ;
 You rail at Others, and I sing to You..

From Eastern climes, and regions far away,
 Where earlier *Phæbus* paints the rising day,
 The Source of *Spleen* is brought ; a *Shrub* how dear !
 (But nothing can be useful that is near)
 Green are it's Leaves, and pleasant to the view,
 Nor boasts th' untrodden grafs a fairer hue :
 I wist not what in Heav'n it's Name may be,
 'Tis known to mortal Men by that of *TEA*.
 O'er rousing Seas, thro' various Dangers sought,
 At much Expence this precious Ill is bought ;

Unnumber'd Sums the wearied Merchant greet,
And Husbands tremble at th' approaching fleet.

On this our Nymphs of all Degrees repast,
For all Degrees for Mischief have a Taste.

High from the Floor a shining Fabrick stands,
(No awkward product of domestic Hands)

Four ehon columns the machine uphold,
Adorn'd with figures, and enrich'd with gold:

Of painted Vessels next a gaudy train
Stands rank'd in order on the loaded plain:

Lo! these the Joys of each well-polish'd Dame,
Gay like themselves, and brittle as their Fame.

These Forms prepar'd, the pious Nymphs begin
Their sacred solemn Sacrifice to *Spleen*:

Genius of Female Minds, unsated Pow'r,
What shoals of Wretches do thy Rites devour!

The Altar now display'd in all its grace,
Each beauteous Priestess takes her proper place:

And now, the Mind and Fancy to prepare,
(For Scandal must be forc'd upon the Fair)

On *Tea's* pernicious poyson they regale,
An Inspiration never known to fail.

The Rites begin: Hence, ye Profane, retire!
Now absent Characters in heaps expire;

Each nimble Tongue's employ'd, and every Ear;
(For Silence never is admitted here)

Zealous, they offer up each spotless Name,
And flay at once whole Hecatombs of Fame.

How

How alter'd is *Belinda* grown of late !
How wan in Face ! how awkward in her Gait !
But should a Form the force of spite withstand,
Still they have Reputation at command.
Chloe has made a tedious Country Jaunt ;
Oh ! 'tis convenient to go see an Aunt.
Where *Clelia* buys her Washes is not known,
But sure I am she lays it roundly on.
How much perverted now are Female Ways,
Since times of *Nore*, and *Bess*'s golden days,
When hearty Food for Spleen was a relief,
And Dames of Honour breakfasted on Beef !
With pond'rous joints the groaning boards were spread,
And every damsel had her Pound of bread ;
Then *Belles* with *Belles*, with *Toasts*, could *Toasts* agree ;
They knew no Scandal, for they drank no Tea.

Take heed, ye Fair ; your own condition know ;
Permit not *Beauty* to be *Beauty*'s foe :
From common Enemies your selves defend,
And seem at least to be each other's friend :
Our Sex alone has spite enough in store,
Nor need your joint Endeavours furnish more ;
Virtue, alas ! is blasted but too soon
By Midnight Boasters and the lewd Buffoon ;
Fops who, to slander you, themselves forswear,
And think it merit to belie the Fair ;

Join

Join not with these each other to betray,
Nor let your own Example point the Way.

If *Tea* must flourish, let your Theme be Beaus,
Pins, Fashions, Flounces, Fops, and Furbelo's.

Excuse my forward zeal, who like a Friend;

While I presume to counsel; yet commend:

Heav'n did your selves it's master-piece decree;

Ye would be Angels, could ye but agree.

The C H O I C E.

Since, my *Chloe*, you ask me, what Life I would choose,
I prithee distrust not the Truth of my Muse.

Tho' I tell you in Rhyme, yet believe me sincere,

I'll speak in plain terms; have the patience to hear.

To Thy Self, thy dear self, are my Wishes confin'd,

I sigh for your Person, but doat on your Mind:

So easy your Conduct, your Wit, and your Air,

'Tis the meanest perfection you have, that you're fair.

I'd repine not at Fortune, abounding or small,

Since without Thee is nothing, and with Thee is all.

For a needful support ne'ertheless I wou'd move;

'Tis hard for a Lady to live upon Love.

To the Town with content I could soon bid adieu;

I find it's Politeness all center'd in You:

To some quiet Retirement we both would repair;

Your Joy my Ambition, your Pleasure my Care.

Thus

CHLOE SICK

21

Thus, *my Angel*, our Lives would roll gently away,
And Love be the Business alone of the day.
One Article more will compleat my design;
That this may be your Wish, as much as 'tis mine.

CHLOE *sick.*

A Ccurs'd Disease! that wilt not spare
The Gay, the Innocent, and Fair;
That can't on Her thy force employ,
And *Nature's Masterpiece* destroy!
Hence, to the rash unthinking crowd,
The False, the Perjur'd and the Proud.
Go preach thy lesson to the Vain;
That Beauty must submit to Pain:
Shew the coquette unthinking Belle,
That to be good, is to excel:
'Tis needless here thy rage to spend,
Where nothing's left thee to amend.
Whate'er is gentle, good or sweet,
Together in my *Chloe* meet;
The gay Address of blooming age,
The graver Prudence of the sage.
Mark but that Angel-form, you see
All that her Sex desire to be:

Converse

Converse but with her, and you'll find
 Whate'er they should be, in Her Mind.
 If all these Charms must Fate obey,
 If Death shall here exert his sway,
 His conquests he may still pursue,
 And Angels may be mortal too.

TO CHLOE.

I.

CEASE, jealous Charmer, cease to grieve,
 Nor think I e'er will prove untrue;
 My Passion with my Self shall live;
 For Who could be unjust to You?

II.

Did I your Form alone admire,
 (That Form so far beyond Compare)
 Corroding Time would kill desire:
 How short's the empire of the Fair!

III.

By Time subdu'd will be those Eyes
 Which now ten thousand Loves adorn;
 Like feeble suns in wint'ry skies,
 Of all their beamy splendor shorn.

IV.

As Nectar sweet, as Roses red,
 Those Lips must lose their beauteous hue;
 Those flowing Locks forsake thy head,
 Or fade unpleasing to the View.

V.

When Beauty's transient Hour is past,
 And thou no more canst charm the Eye,
 Thy Humour and thy Wit shall last :
 The Mind's Perfections never die.

VI.

Then, *Chloe*, leave thy flatt'ring Glass,
 And scorn the Coxcomb's fulsome tale ;
 Thy Face but for a Time will pass,
 Thy Virtues ever will prevail.

CONSTANCY.

I.

HOW firmly fix'd I thought my Heart
 When *Phyllis* first I knew !
 So deep the Wound, so sharp the Dart,
 I must be ever true.

Such

II.

Such dazzling charms her glances shot,
 Her eyes such pointed rays,
 I sigh'd, and wish'd it were my lot
 Eternally to gaze.

III.

Long did I serve the gentle Dame,
 Pine, languish, and adore ;
 'Till on a time *Pastora* came,
 And *Phyllis* was no more.

IV.

Pastora seiz'd my Heart with Joy ;
 Small caule had she to boast,
 For soon the restless wand'ring Toy
 Was to *Belinda* lost.

V.

I thought *Belinda* was divine,
 So fair, so gay, so young :
Belinda, I had still been thine,
 If *Cbloë* had not sung.

IV.

For *Belvidera* next I bled,
 And woo'd her with my tears,
 'Till *Delia* took me in her stead,
 And *Amoret* in hers.

Like

THE IMPATIENT.

25

VII

Like me, ye Swains, your time improve,

And Woman's Pride will fall :

Be never true to One in Love,

But constant to them All.

The IMPATIENT.

IN vain, my Charmer, you advise

What *Fate* forbids, and *Love* denies :

In vain with Patience bid me stay

And calmly wait a better day.

To one (alas !) who loves as I,

To live in Hope, is but to die.

If Time alone must be my cure,

Ah ! think what Anguish I endure :

The pangs, the doubts, the fears he proves,

Who can but wish for her he loves ?

Oh ! when, my Fair One, fully blest

Shall I repose upon thy breast ;

Enamour'd gaze upon those eyes,

And kindle envy in the Skies ?

Haste, gentle Sun, a Lover's pace ;

Like Light'ning run thy fiery race.

D

White

While thy slow orb my bliss delays,

I hate thy beams, I curse thy rays.

With double Speed thy course pursue,

And rob the World of half it's Due.

VARIETY.

I.
CEASE, *Celia*, to accuse your Swain
 Where Change and Nature move;
 What Slave would drag so dull a chain
 As Constancy in Love?

II.
 Repeated pleasure always cloyes,
 And long enjoyments pall;
 If Life can boast of any Joys,
 Variety is All.

III.
 Examine well a female heart,
 The truth of this you'll find;
 It always will attempt to part
 Almost as soon as joyn'd.

For

THE SCORNER.

17

IV.

For me, my Temper is too good

A blessing to confine :

I lov'd you long as e'er I cou'd,

And freely now resign.

The SCORNER.

I.

MISTAKE me not, ungrateful Fair !

Nor think you give the pain :

How great soe'er your Falshoods are,

I'll meet them with Disdain.

II.

The Fault, alas ! was wholly mine,

Nor to be charg'd on you :

How wild, how idle the design

To keep a Woman true !

III.

More easie would the project be

(So well are you inclin'd)

To stop the Motion of the Sea,

Or to confine the Wind.

D 2

So

IV.

So zealously dispos'd to range
 Is every Female heart,
 They're still by Nature prone to range,
 And constant but by Art.

V.

Then, *Cynthia*, let us both agree
 This method to pursue ;
 I'll follow every Jilt I see,
 And every Cully you.

LIBERTY.

A Song.

I.

PHYLLIS, thus our Time employing,
 Let's each happy hour improve,
 Always feasting, never cloying ;
 Oh, what Pleasure 'tis to love !

Care

LIBERTY.

II.

Care and Spleen can never reach us

While these Maxims we pursue,

Maxims which our Natures teach us;

'Tis a Folly to be true.

III.

Should I see a fairer Creature,

For that Fairer I should burn,

Love Her till 'twas time to hate her,

Then perhaps to You return.

IV.

You, where'er you like to wander,

Mind not me, but choose your swain;

I shall be so much the fonder,

Should you ever come again.

V.

Keep your Inclinations moving,

'Tis a Law decreed by Fate;

Pleasure still subsists by roving,

Love confin'd will turn to Hate.

 To CELIA in Mourning.

IN vain those Mourning Robes you wear;

You are, and cannot but be Fair:

To Forms where so much Beauty lies,

Ev'n Grief it self is no Disguise.

Not *Venus*, when with utmost art

She aims at some Celestial Heart;

When *Homer's Cestus* decks her Breast,

And all the Goddess stands confest,

Can equal Thee, thou beauteous Maid,

In Sadness elegant array'd.

Those Eyes can yet their Lustre show,

And glitter thro' the Pomp of Woe:

So shines the Moon, resplendent queen!

O'er Night's uncomfortable Scene,

That gentle seat of love, thy Breast,

In envious solemn Sables drest,

Yet rises fairer to the sight,

And pants with more distinguish'd White,

So o'er the Heav'ns extended plains,

Aloft when sullen Midnight reigns,

Thro' the dark skies the milky Way

Does more conspicuous Light display;

With Black encompass'd sweetly smile,

And take fresh Lustre from the Foil.

[31]

A LETTER to a Friend in the
Country.

THese thy Commands, my candid Friend, receive,
Attentive read, and if you can, believe.

This fertile Town with shoals of *Fools* abounds,

Tho' pointed Satyr walks her constant rounds ;

Aloft imperious Vice maintains her sway ;

Let *Moralists* declaim, and *Cburchmen* pray.

For Thee, thy Hours in peaceful motion run,

(Serene the setting as the rising sun)

Thy Seat retir'd affords a sweet Repose,

Remote from painted Dames and powder'd Beaus.

With Patience view the Picture if you can,

Contain the Spleen, and bear it like a Man.

To good designs apply'd was once the Stage,

With wholsom Satyr fraught, and Manly Rage :

Prefiding Virtue rul'd the Poet's Pen,

And crowded theatres were fill'd with Men.

Sincere Attention crown'd the Writers cause,

And *Reformation* was his best applause.

How fall'n ! how chang'd ! behold our Modern Scenes ;

No *Heroes* lord it there, but *Harlequins* :

No

No *Cato* now for Liberty can plead;
 No *Brutus* lift his hand, nor *Cæsar* bleed;
 Imperious *Fausſus* muſt in triumph ſit;
 For ſilent rhet'ric ſam'd, and active wit;
 Applauding hands their noiſy praiſe declare,
 And hopeful Coxcombs emulate his Air.
 But theſe are Follies of a trifling kind,
 Theſe but enervate and unbend the mind;
 The foremoſt rank the *Maſquerade* ſhould bear,
 Since *Vice* as well as *Folly* triumphs there;
 That dear, amuſing, neceſſary place,
 Where ev'ry Thing's expoſ'd, except the Face:
 To this reſort all wand'ring Dames repair,
 The wanton widow, and the rip'ning fair:
 The ſlippant wives, whom jealous fools immure,
 If they elope but hither, are ſecure:
 Here undiſturb'd they pay the Husband's Spite,
 And glut at once their Vengeance and Delight.
 What Charms can in theſe midnight Revels be?
 Why, *Curioſity's* the only plea.
 Bane of the ſofter ſex! Diſeaſe accurſt!
 Of all their Paſſions Thou art ſure the worſt:
 Thy Poyſon firſt infected Woman's Will;
 Thou comprehensive word for ev'ry Female Ill.

The Fields of *Ombre* let us next ſurvey,
 How Beaux may win and needy Beauties pay.

Here

Here uncontroll'd *Spadille* exerts his reign,
 Supreme dispenser of delight and pain;
 From him so much the happy card is priz'd,
 Toupets are scorn'd, and Coxcombs are despis'd:
 Ev'n *Scandal* for the Time forsakes the field,
 And *Pride* it self to *Avarice* will yield.

How fatal this to every Female Charm!
 Not Age it self more fully can disarm.
 Beware, ye Fair, for Beauty's sake beware,
 Nor trust the danger of the Night too far:
 Small were the loss of Husband or Estate,
 But that of Beauty is compleatly great:
 I urge no pleas for Family, or Race;
 But spare, oh! spare the Glories of the Face.

While *Chremes* hoards up Gold with daily Pain,
 And indefatigably toils for gain,
 His tender Helpmate looses all at Play,
 And finds him work for the succeeding day.
Chremes, compleatly curs'd as Man can be,
 Not *Sisyphus* would change his Hell with Thee.
 These Trifles serve to chase a Lady's spleen;
 But *Bacchus* enters to compleat the scene:
 From *Tea*, insipid weed! no Mirth can rise;
 Nay, it hath brought the Vapours to their eyes:
 But brisk *Champagne* can nobler Thoughts inspire,
 And add new Vigour to their native Fire:

To

To Joys untasted prompt the tim'rous Fair,
Or bring despairing Families an Heir.

Farewel ; thy Patience I'll no more abuse,
For Railing is but awkward to the Muse ;
Who only half the Monster has exprest,
Your copious Fancy must supply the rest.

On a Lady's Fan.

I S L Y L Y stole this secret Charm,
In hopes my *Chloe* to disfarm :
The artifice was mean and poor.
And She as potent as before,
Let *Jove* his Thunder lay aside,
His Godhead soon will be defy'd.
If *Venus* but her Zone remove,
You would not know the Queen of Love ;
And *Cupid*, maugre all his skill,
Without his Bow, could never kill.
Fair Nymph, thy boundless pow'r I own
Dependent on Thy Self alone :
Superior Thou in every part ;
Alike to *Nature*, as to *Art*.

On a young LADY dangerously Ill.

I.

BEHOLD, by undiscerning Fate,
The Fairest of the fairer kind
Sunk under Pain's oppressive Weight ;
No longer beauteous, but in Mind.

II.

Those Eyes, alas ! have lost their Fire,
Those waining Cheeks their Vernal Bloom ;
The Wish of Thousands shall expire,
And wither in a lonely Tomb.

III.

In vain, alas ! on Heav'n we call,
In vain with Tears a respite crave ;
That dear, that Angel-Form must fall
The beauteous Victim of the Grave.

Unpitying

IV.

Unpitying too relentless Death,
 Is the severe decission just?
 Must She resign that balmy Breath,
 And turn to unregarded Dust?

V.

She must: As when the Winds deform
 The clear expansion of the sky,
 Without Distinction in the storm
 The Roses fade, the Lillies die

A T A L E.

Hæc via ducit in Urbem. Virg.

PHYLLIS, a Nymph of Form divine,
 A constant Saint at *Cynthia's* shrine,
 Would always at the Fellows rail,
 Nay, scorn to see a filthy Male.
 She laugh'd at all the puny Arts,
 Which conquer other Female Hearts:
 The Toys which silly Girls betray
 On her, alas! were thrown away.

Lord,

Lord, what was Equipage, or Lace?
 Or, where the happiness of Place?
 On Ribbands red, or Ribbands blue
 She equally would look askew;
 Nay, scarcely deign her eyes to set
 On gilded Coach, or Coronet;
 And, lest Temptation should invade,
 She thus invoc'd *Diana's* aid:

Fair Goddess of the Virgin Train,
 Let me not ask thy help in vain;
 Still be the Virgin Train thy care;
 Attend and hear thy Suppliant's Prayer.
 From Man, the greatest Curse below
 That Woman-kind can shun or know,
 Who when he smiles the most betrays,
 And wraps our ruin in our praise,
 Protect me still, immortal Maid,
 My great example, and my aid:
 Oh! let not Powder, or Toupee
 Engage thy vot'ry's heart from Thee:
 Let me not be by Titles led,
 Or yield to all persuasive Red,
 But live and die unknown to Love,
 Then reign with Thee a Star above.

With *Cynthia* thus to take her part,
 She made a shift to keep her heart;

Yet still appear'd exceeding gay,
 At Park, the Masquerade, or Play;
 And look'd, with a regardless air,
 On all the pretty Fellows there;
 Nay, stood the danger of their Chat,
 And heard them talk of This and That:
 Each to advance his Passion try'd,
 And wonder'd He should be deny'd.
Cupid enrag'd, (as well he might)
 Determin'd to revenge the Slight:
 He chose his darts of utmost length;
 He shot them with redoubl'd strength;
 Nor length, nor strength, nor choice avail'd,
 The Nymph was safe, the Godhead fail'd,

A young Projector, who from far
 Beheld this more than *Trojan* war,
 And found that *Phyllis* was above
 The weak efforts of common Love;
 That she despis'd the canting Strain
 Of flame, and dart, and death, and chain;
 Resolv'd upon so odd a scheme,
 As you nor I should never dream.
 This haughty Heroine, quoth he,
 Appears a Conquest worthy me,
 And may be gain'd, I'm bold to say,
 If taken in a proper way.

Acбилle,

Achilles, as I've often heard,
 Who, as invincible, was fear'd;
Achilles had one mortal Part,
 And thither *Paris* sped the Dart:
 Our Authors plainly all agree
Achilles had, and so must She:
 A strange event my tale will prove;
 He found it out, and gain'd her love:
 But where this Part so mortal lay
 In sooth is past my skill to say;
 Tho' this at least I can reveal,
Achilles's was within his Heel.

HILPA and SHALUM.

From the SPECTATOR. Vol. VIII.

IN Days of old, when Justice rul'd below
 (A golden *Era* ended long ago)
 When Man to Man was honestly inclin'd,
 And Words express'd the Purport of the Mind:
 E're Lawyers, Doctors, Priests, a tripple cheat,
 Grew fat on spoils, and flourish'd by deceit,
 And falsely feigning by a sham pretence
 Purloin'd our health, our money, and our sense.

40 HILPA AND SHALUM

In those blest times the beauteous *Hilpa* shin'd.
 (An angel Form, but with a female Mind)
 Let none severe our present Fair disgrace,
 They are but Copies of a former race.
 In vain would rude comparisons defame,
 For *Woman* was, and is, and will be still the same.

This beauteous Nymph, the Subject of my Song,
 Was soon distinguish'd from the vulgar throng;
 Scarce threescore summer suns the Virgin knew,
 (Her infant charms but rip'ning to the view)
 When far around from every peopled plain
 Each Shepherd sought her tender Heart to gain;
 Two Rival-Brothers were the chief who strove;
 Ah! what is *Nature* in dispute with *Love*?
Harpath the first, with countless Wealth was best,
 Of num'rous flocks and fruitful vales possess;
 Inferior far was *Shalum's* little store,
 Small was his portion, but his Merit more;
 O'er *Tirzah's* desert Mount he reign'd alone,
 The needy monarch of a worthless throne.
 Fair *Hilpa* soon resolv'd to end the strife,
 For, what's a Happy to a Wealthy Life?
 Proud *Harpath* gain'd the mercenary bride,
 She risk'd her Welfare to indulge her Pride.
 So choose our modern Fair, and so despise,
 'Tis almost an Objection to be wise;

HILPA AND SHALUM.

On gilded Toys their wanton hearts they fix,
And hug the Coxcomb for the Coach and Six;

Thus glitt'ring Pomp and worthless Pelf prevail'd;
But Wisdom (as it will with Women) fail'd;

The dazled Virgin lent a speedy ear,
An early Wife before her hundredth year.

Short was her Joy, and short the Husband's Pride;

Unripe for fate, in flow'r of Youth he dy'd;

Plung'd in a rapid stream, he breath'd his last,

And fell e'er half five hundred Years he past.

Fair, rich, and young was *Hilpa* left behind,
(A State the constant Wish of Womankind;)

So sore she mourn'd at first, her Grief so strong,

The force of Nature could not bear it long;

Her Eyes incessant wept her Woes away,

Then soon resum'd their Fire, and all was gay.

Ten little Years were hardly roll'd around,

E're fresh supplies the beauteous Relict found;

For ten short years, such was the custom then,

The Widows liv'd reclus'd, and unapproach'd by Men.

Tho' thousands sigh'd, yet thousands sigh'd in vain;

Till constant *Shalum* sought her heart again.

While *Harpath* liv'd, with Rage and Envy fir'd,

To Rocks and Mountains sullen he retir'd,

42 HILPA AND SHALUM.

There fought by Planting to relieve his grief,
 It prov'd his equal Profit and Relief;
 For ev'ry plant he knew, and ev'ry ground,
 His thrifty forests spread themselves around,
 The barren Wild rejoic'd, with shade and verdure
 crown'd.

Fair *Hilpa* soon the beauteous Scene beheld,
 A scene by *Paradise* alone excell'd;
 For Women's Eyes, to Int'rest always true,
 In that one point their ev'ry Lover view,
 And while they please themselves, they seem to yield
 to you.

Up from the Vale she cast her longing eyes,
 And saw from far the tow'ring Cedars rise;
 The fragrant Mountain breath'd a rich Perfume,
 And mingling Branches form'd an awful Gloom;
 She mus'd, she sigh'd; and soon to wish began,
 For while she lik'd the Wealth she hop'd the Man.
 While for her former folly thus she griev'd,
 These lines from faithful *Shalum* she receiv'd:

What Pains, what Anguish has not *Shalum* prov'd
 Since *Zilpa's* Daughter first my Rival lov'd?
 To woods and dreary wilds I took my Flight,
 And cur'd the sun's uncomfortable light,
 Full seventy springs have led the youthful year,
 Since first my wretched residence was here:

Here

- Here have I mourn'd thy Loss, unseen by day,
- Nor ceas'd to sigh while Ages roll'd away ;
- But now my realms a fairer Prospect yield,
- With all the Gifts of lavish Nature fill'd.
- Here distant Trees project a lengthen'd glade,
- Here join their peaceful summits in a shade.
- With Fruits and Flow'rs the wide extent is crown'd,
- And frequent Fountains murmur all around.
- Come up, my Fair, if Constancy can move :
- Come up, my Fair, and give a Loose to Love :
- Come, let us fill this wide unpeopl'd Place
- With numerous Offspring, and a lusty Race.
- Bethink thee, Charmer, what we owe to Time,
- A transient Life, a momentary Prime :
- How soon, alas ! the utmost date is flown,
- A thousand scanty years are ours alone :
- But Beauty flies with more than common haste,
- (A blessing too extravagant to last)
- A quick decay the fairest Face must find,
- Five hundred suns must leave a Mark behind ;
- Remember that, my Fair, and be thou early kind.

This friendly counsel, to the Nymph convey'd,
 No small Impression on her Fancy made:
 These artless dictates of an honest heart,
 Without the modern aid of Flame and Dart,

Yet

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Yet seem'd so lovely in the Charmer's eye,
She soon indulgent, sent him this reply,

- Why seek'st thou, *Shalum*, *Hilpa's* heart to move
- With empty offers of dissembled Love?
- My Flocks, my Herds alone your passion raise,
- You seek my Riches while my Charms you praise,
- Say, can my Beauty with my Wealth compare?
- Or is my Person as my Portion fair?
- These warm desires my fertile Plains convey,
- Nor shines their Mistress half so bright as they,
- I own the Graces of the Woodland Scene,
- The tow'ring Branches, and the waving Green;
- But the'se, however, they exceed in Show,
- Are far inferior to the Vale below.

- *Shalum*, I know Thee more than mortal wife,
- Vers'd in the Earth, the Ocean, and the Skies:
- Thou know'st the various Virtues of the Soil,
- And which would mock, and which deserves the toil
- 'Tis thine to view the rolling Orbs on high,
- And trace the wandring Planets thro' the sky.
- Thy Thoughts are fix'd sublime, and far above.
- The weak engagements of a Woman's Love,
- Oh! cease, and leave me to my self alone,
- Already happy in my Little Own.
- Why wouldst thou follow with delusive Art,
- So poor a Conquest as a female heart?

• Still

- ‘ Still may thy labours with Success be paid;
- ‘ May Wood to Wood be joyn’d, and Shade to Shade.
- ‘ Great be thy Comfort in thy lov’d recess,
- ‘ But tempt not me to share, and make the Blessing less.

Her Meaning *Shalum* by her letter guest;
 Secure of this, he doubted not the rest,
 But soon conjectur’d, as he read it o’er,
 She gave so much, but to be prest for more.

Pleas’d with the Thought, he spread a sumptuous Feast,
 And ask’d and had the Charmer for his guest.
 For two long years he entertain’d the Fair
 With all the Luxuries of Earth and Air.
 At proper intervals he sigh’d his Flame,
 And now regal’d, and now address’d the Dame.
 The sweet Vicissitude engag’d her Heart,
 But female Pride was urgent to depart;
 Yet kindly, to disperse all groundless fears,
 She promis’d to resolve in fifty Years.
 Down to the Vale the fickle nymph withdrew,
 And soon forgot what was no more in view.

Mispach, renown’d of old, confess’d his Flame,
 A kind Reception found he from the Dame;
 For Women shift their Hearts with wond’rous ease,
 The latest Lover shall be sure to please.

Lord

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Lord of a mighty Town he reign'd sublime,
A structure founded in contempt of Time.
Skill'd in the puny Arts which win the Fair,
The moving Nonsense, and the jauncy Air,
Musick, the greatest friend to love, he found,
And caper'd nimbly to the sprightly sound;
Then with rich Gifts her venal mind he sought,
For Female favours must be always bought.

Judge, o ye fair, shall Constancy prevail
When Dancing, Musick, nay, when Presents fail?
Full wroth was *Shalum* at a turn so strange,
Aghast he stood to see his *Hilpa* change;
Yet musing with himself in manly mood,
Determin'd to forget her, if he could.

Long did the Choice her wand'ring thoughts perplex
(A Virtue universal in the sex)
Long to resolve in vain she doubtful strove;
'Twas Fate alone could fix a Woman's Love:
A haughty Tower, the pride of *Mispah's* Town,
Consum'd by Lightning, fell and moulder'd down;
The Flames contagious spread themselves around,
And brought the smoking City to the ground:
Rob'd of his Wealth, he charm'd the fair no more,
(For what Pretence to Merit have the Poor?)

ON CHLOE

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A willing Bride to *Shalum's* arms she came;
Indulg'd his Passion, and appeas'd his Flame.
The nuptial Feast it boots not to relate,
The vast profusion, and expensive state;
This only Lesson may my Tale impart,
That Female Falshood is no modern art.
Then cease, ye Beauts, profane the fair no more,
For *Chloe's* now what *Hippa* was before.

On CHLOE

YE envious Prudes, ye strive in vain
To put an end to *Chloe's* Reign;
In vain exert your utmost Art
To rob her of a single heart:
Inferior Charms their force may try,
And fondly in the combat die.
I freely own *Sabina* fair,
But has *Sabina* *Chloe's* Air?
Belinda's Charms might warm a Saint,
But *Chloe's* not oblig'd to paint.
In bright *Hillaria's* Form you find
A perfect Pattern of her kind;
As fine a Shape as *Chloe's* view:
And has *She* *Chloe's* Prudence too?

Pastora's

Pastora's Wit and lively Fire,
 Tho' none can equal, all admire:
 I can't deny *Pastora* such,
 But *Chloe* never talks too much:
 Thus Prudence, Beauty, Shape, and Air
 Conspire to make my *Chloe* fair:
 Yet to such charms of Face and mind
 Nor Vanity, nor Art is join'd.

Till that dear Form shall fade away,
 (Far off be the protracted day)
 Till Heav'n no longer shall bestow
 So much Perfection here below,
 In vain you rail, in vain dispute,
 Her Empire will be absolute:
 But when she yields her balmy breath
 The beauteous sacrifice of Death,
 Then may the all-surviving Fair
 Her abdicated empire share.
 So *Philip's* Son, who rul'd the Ball,
 Resign'd to *Jove's* paternal call,
 And left a much-contested Throne,
 Where many fill'd the Place of One.

 HORACE

HORACE, LIB. II. ODE X.

Wouldst Thou, *Littius*, find the way
To steer through Life's uncertain sea,
Look how too far the main you try,
Or wholly on the shore rely.

The Man who seeks the happier state,
Nor meanly Low, nor vainly Great,
With like aversion will behold
The Filth of rags, and Pomp of gold.

Mark how the Pines that spread on high,
But more provoke the hostile Sky;
The pond'rous Dome, and lofty Wall,
With greater Ruin only fall:
And where th' ambitious Hills aspire,
The Lightnings dart their keenest Fire.

The prudent Mind, when Fortune smiles,
Will most suspect her female wiles,
And when she frowns, disdain to mourn,
But calmly wait a better Turn.

Think, when thy present Lot is curst,
 That present Lot will be thy worst;
 The whiter hour will soon appear,
 (It is not Winter all the Year.)

Not *Phæbus*, Patron of the Art,
 Will always ply the missive Dart,
 But now and then his arms resign,
 And revel with the tuneful Nine.

Still be prepar'd, lest Cares oppress,
 And always cautious in Success;
 Nor trust too much the wanton Gale,
 There's Danger in a swelling Sail.

The W I F E.

OF all the Blessings Heav'n has lent to Life,
 The greatest Pleasure is a faithful Wife.

Ye wandring Rakes, whom *Temple* walls enclose,
 Ye springing Coxcombs, and ye batter'd Beaux,
 Attend my Song while thus to sing I dare,
 And stand alone the Champion of the Fair.

Say

THE WIFE.

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Say ye whom Love incautious has betray'd,
 And cloath'd the Harlot in the Country Maid;
 All ye whom rugged rules of Health confine
 From social banquets, and indulgent wine;
 Who shun the Taverns, once your lov'd resort,
 And fill with meagre Sloop the place of Port:
 Say, would ye quit this most polated life,
 And change the *Hummer* for the wholesome *Wife*?
 Your various ills to Husbands are unknown,
 How blest in Safety to enjoy their own!
 No creeping Poysons on their vigour prey,
 Enjoyment crowns the night, and Health the day:
 Secure they quaff the bowl, and taste the food,
 Nor fear the sharpness of to-morrow's Blood.

Behold the Libertine's inverted fate!
 What Pains, what Tortures on his slumbers wait!
 No soft Sommeils his early hours adorn,
 He never rises to a cheerful Morn.
 No fragrant cups of elegant *Bohea*
 At his neglected breakfast-board you see;
 With tasteless Gruel he salutes the day,
 Or quaffs the streams of more detested Whey.
 When Pains are pungent, with peculiar Grace
 He wrings the Muscles of his livid face;
 With pious fury damns the tainted Whore,
 Add vows to taste th' infected Joy no more.

His Rooms themselves their master well declare,
 A motley scene of Ruin, Waste, and War:
 Here in a Glafs some hideous scene you view
 Of poy's'nous substance, and unseemly hue:
 There nauseous Pastes, ungrateful to behold,
 And Pills encompass'd with delusive gold:
 His dusty Shelves, with loath'd Remains o'erspread,
 Profane the Labours of the mighty Dead:
 On the dire prospect we with Horror look,
 Promiscuous scene of Gallipot and Coke!

With these Reflexions, to reform his life,
 The wife *Apicius* took to him a Wife;
 Fair, wealthy, chaste she was, discreet and gay;
 Her only Failing, that she'd sometimes play.
Apicius thank'd his stars which kindly shone,
 And sent him Blessings 'till that hour unknown.
 He thank'd not long; *Quadrille* purloin'd his Wealth,
 Beggar in Purse he prov'd, but rich in Health.
 In a repenting mood I heard him say,
 "Women are certain Ruin every way."

A T A L E

L O V E's God, upon a rainy day,
 When *Venus* would not let him play,
 Sate pouting in a sullen mood,
 (As any earthly Youngster wou'd :)
 Sometimes he trifled with his String,
 Then told the Quills upon his Wing;
 As Boys, when disciplin'd by friends,
 Will often count their Fingers ends.

At length enrag'd, the little Thief
 (When anger had subdu'd his Grief)
 With Arrows loose, and Bow unstrung,
 Address'd the Fair from whence he sprung :

- " 'Tis well you think your Pow'r is great;
 " But mine (*Mamma*) is Something yet:
 " Your right you but by Duty prove,
 " But I maintain my sway by Love.

" To me your gilded shrines you owe;
 " Your incense from the Fops below:
 " To me your oaths, your sighs, and lies;
 " 'Tis I that point your *Cbloë's* eyes;
 " And when I send my feather'd Dart,
 " The Coxcomb cries, *H'has lost his Heart*.
 " To me ——— But now no longer mine,
 " The Reins of Empire I resign:
 " Let Men submit to Reason's rules,
 " And be at least designing fools;
 " They all have Plagues enough in store,
 " And want not me to bring them more.
 " These Darts, the Magazine of Love,
 " Those hasty gifts of thoughtless *Jove*,
 " The Silver Bow, the fatal String,
 " With ev'ry appertaining Thing,
 " I vow to break, destroy, and tear,
 " And scatter thro' the fields of Air:
 " So help me, *Mother Earth*, and *Jove*.
 " *Venus*, who knew his usual tricks,
 Reprov'd him sharply first for swearing,
 Then call'd her coach to take the air in;
 Slipt to her room, and soon was dress'd,
 Thinking the child had been in jest,

But

But he (God wot) on tiptoes stood,
And made his curst Promise good.

Venus return'd again by dark

" A pretty Youth! a special Spark!

" That I should live to see this day!

She said, and seem'd to swoon away.

The hasty Gods around her press,

Their Care was much, their Fear was less;

For *Jove*, who these distempers knew,

(As *Juno* ever was a Shrew)

Told them that in the married State,

(Of which he long had felt the weight)

Whenever any thing went wrong,

These Fits came very thick and strong:

But, thanks to over-ruling Fate,

The Patient's Danger ne'er was great.

But *Venus* still prolong'd her Ail,

Her Eyes were clos'd, her Face was pale;

'Till *Plutus*, from the anxious croud,

Thus to the Mourner spake aloud:

" Arise, fair Dame, unveil those Eyes,

" Resume the Empire of the skies;

" In me behold your Pow'r restor'd,

" Again your Son and You ador'd.

" Grieve

" Grieve not for those unmeaning arms,
 " See, mine have more substantial charms;
 " Each Shaft with Interest pointed flies,
 " And by each shaft a Lover dies:
 " Tho' other Darts were idle, vain,
 " Unfit your empire to maintain;
 " They often miss'd, and if they hit,
 " Perhaps they gave a man a Fit;
 " But then the Mind was never sure,
 " For Wine or Absence was his Cure:
 " They wounded but the weaker part,
 " A Beau's perhaps, or Poet's Heart,
 " And They did but engross your time
 " With fustian prose, or sleepy rhyme:
 " But these ——— No more, the Goddess said,
 And smiling rais'd her fragrant head,
 The Gifts so freely you bestow
 The World to latest Times shall know
 Design'd alike for Age and Youth.
 The Goddess spoke, and spoke the Truth.

" In the depths of your soul,
 " Again your son and you shall

The

The MAID.

A TALE.

HOW much in vain is all our Art;
To pry into a Female Heart?
How weak, how groundless the pretence
To knowledge, conduct, wit, or sense,
When Women, as they please, deceive,
And We, with all our Wit, believe?

Still in the Matrimonial State
(That end of Love, that source of Hate)
'Tis each conceited Sot's advice,
A Man can never be too nice.
Mark how your Mistress is inclin'd;
Observe the sallies of her Mind:
Loves she the Park, and Flanders Mares,
Or Ev'ning Walks, or Morning Prayers?
Delights she in the rich Brocade,
Or trips she to a Masquerade?

If once to these her Fancy lead,
She's one of us: Beware your Head.

Per contra, if on search you find
She has not yet debauch'd her Mind;
If yet she ne'er has cross'd the *Thames*,
Or trod the purlieu's of *St James*;
Ne'er set her utmost foot so far
As t'other side of *Temple-Bar*;
Why then you may with Reason judge
She'll make a tollerable Drudge;
Was never yet by Man betray'd,
I'll warrant her a spotless Maid.

Give o'er thy Cant, deluded Fool,
Nor fix Uncertainties to Rule;
That Sex, the Essence of Deceit,
Was, is, and will be still a Cheat.

If my Opinion won't prevail,
Have patience, and attend my Tale.

A Spark there was; we call him *John*,
Or any thing you'll pitch upon,
Who in his Youth (Heav'n help his head)
Most prudently resolv'd to wed;

And

And (for he valued much his Fame) *John* yet a while conceal'd his flame,
 A Girl unblemish'd was his aim;
 How many ways for'er he try'd,
 He'd have a Virgin for his bride.
 Long did the search perplex his mind,
 For Virgins are but hard to find;
 At length kind Fortune was his friend,
 And all his pain was at an end:
 A fair delightful She he found,
 Whose Beauty would a Hermit wound,
 Yet who, if Modesty can move,
 Might teach a Libertine to love.
 No sickly Pale deform'd her face,
 Unhurt and fresh was ev'ry Grace:
 Free from the Vices of the Town,
 Ill Cards had never made her frown:
 She ne'er had run in debt with Beaux,
 Or broke for Ombre her Repose,
 If but a Man the creature spy'd
 'Twould blush and turn it's head aside.
 Her Cheeks were red, her Mouth was pretty,
 Her Eyes were black, her Name was Betty.

O'erjoy'd to meet so chaste a Dame,
John yet a while conceal'd his flame,
 And, firmly bent to clear all doubt,
 Enquir'd her Character about;

Wou'd

Would flyly ask with careless grin
 How many Suitors she had seen;
 Said, "He had often heard them talk
 "That *Betty* lov'd a Moonlight Walk;
 "That She and *Tom*, as people say,
 "Did more together than make Hay;
 "If so, 'twas Pity; for his part,
 "He wish'd her well with all his heart.

With Joy, which none but Loverstaste,
John heard his story turn'd to jest:
 "'Twas certain that could never be;
 "Who had a better Name than She?
 One thing remain'd, and only One,
 E're all his scruples would be done;
 He thought her chaste, but then he cry'd,
 "She must be so who ne'er was try'd;
 "I'll make my self the bold attack,
 "And fairly lay her on her Back;
 "If she resists, my Soul she gains;
 "If not, I've something for my Pains.

Big with this scheme, one Ey'ning fair
 He ask'd her out to take the Air;
 The setting Sun adorn'd the Grove,
 And ev'ry Zephyr whisper'd Love;

Afraid

THE MAID.

61

Afraid, and doubtful of the bliss,
John made his Onset with a Kiss;
 And with a Second bolder grown,
 Began his rash design to own;
 Attempted to be very free,
 Told her, "That none could hear or see;
 "That if she'd grant him then the Favour,
 "He'd the next Morning surely have her."

With artful Blush, and down-cast Eye,
 Chaste *Betty* made him no Reply,
 But with her Fist upon his Face
 Reveng'd in silence her Disgrace.
 Thrice happy Youth, in One to find
 'The Body beauteous; chaste the Mind!
 'Tis plain from Thee, the Fate we fear
 Is easy to avoid with care.

But to my Tale. — With eager haste
John to the Fair one's Parents past:
 In wealth her equal, and descent,
 With ease he got her Friends consent:
 On harder terms he got her own;
Betty continued still to frown;
 But Women are so prone to Good,
 Our Pray'rs are seldom long withstood.

G

m

Afraid

THE MAID.

In short, the Nuptial Noose was ty'd,
 And *John* in Raptures with his Bride.
 The Man in black their Sentence read,
 They din'd, they sup'd, then went to Bed,
 What more they did may not be said.

Oh, wretched State of Things below !
 Our greatest Pleasures end in Woe.
 Take Heed betimes, unwary Youth,
 For Grief is incident to Truth :
 Our mighty Pleasures, 'tis believ'd,
 Consist in being well deceiv'd.

John in the morning told his Bride
 How cunningly she had been try'd:
 " 'Twas only Stratagem I meant,
 For had you giv'n your Consent,
 " I ne'er had married you, *Pardie*;
 " The Devil might ha' done't for me.
 Quoth she, " My Dear, that may be true,
 " But I was full as wise as you:
 " For You have fail'd in your design,
 " And I have had Success in mine:
 " I knew no man would wed his Whore;
 " Why, *Roger* nick'd me so before.

CHÉSS.

C H E S S.

HIGH o'er the rest, and of majestic Mien,
 In comely Pride appear the King and Queen.
 Aloft, conspicuous from afar He stands,
 Like *Saul*, superior o'er his pigmy bands.
 Vainly, alas! in outward Form we trust;
 How seldom Nature is to Beauty just!
 Unactive, slothful is the Monarch's Mind,
 Like *Persian* kings, to shameful ease inclin'd.

But wond'rous well is that defect supply'd
 By more than common Virtues in his Bride;
 Fearless, alone she tempts the fatal Field,
 Alike regardless of the spear or shield,
 Invites the foe, amongst the foremost fights,
 Insults o'er Bishops, or encounters Knights;
 Their Annals tell, if Annals may have weight,
 Her single Force has sav'd the sinking State;
 Triumphant to the adverse Palace flown,
 And brav'd the lazy Monarch on his Throne.

The Bishops next, a venerable train,
The highest Order of the Field maintain ;
These, much esteem'd the Nation's chief Support,
Despise the tinsel pleasures of a Court ;
Fearless, unhurt, thro' hostile files they go,
And rush like Lightning on the distant foe ;
Swift o'er the plain pursue their fatal Way,
And seize secure the meditated prey.
This to their praise, and would to this were join'd
The sweet concurrence of a Friendly Mind :
Yet blame we not themselves, but partial Fate ;
For sure by strong Antipathy they hate :
In fighting fields thro' different paths they move,
How much unconscious of fraternal Love !
In heat of War no mutual Succour lend,
Tho' each to all but to his Brother, Friend.
From this plain Truth one Moral I infer,
That Man is frail, and Priests themselves may err.

To these the Knights succeed, a lawless train,
Inur'd to plunder and illegal gain.
No glorious dangers in the camp they share,
A band unworthy of the Name they bear.
Not hand to hand they aim the forceful blow,
But wheel obliquely on the heedless Foe.

So *Homer's Lycian* hid his coward head,
Then aim'd the weapon, and *Tydides* bled.

In Fields ungenerous, in the Presence rude
By Title rais'd above the multitude ;
Nor Orders they, nor Dignity esteem,
Degrees and Ages are alike to them.
Oft have I seen them, when a Priest was near,
Insult with taunts the Venerable Seer,
Press roughly on, devoid of shame or dread,
And leap exulting o'er the Mitred Head.
May no such Knights to croud our Circle come ;
How much unlike our gentle Knights at home !

The Rooks are next, a hardy band, and true,
Who think their lives are but their *Country's* due.
These, when their *King*, at some important post,
Stands round encompass'd by the hostile host,
From force united bear him safe away,
Content themselves to be the Victor's Prey.
Thus, tho' call'd *Rooks* (as vulgar Wits will err)
Yet *Castles* always is their *Nom de Guerre*.

Thus these. But far advanc'd in foremost fight
The active Pawns exert their infant might.
A gallant race, so puny yet their size
They're scarce apparent to unheathy eyes.

Bravely they press to conquer, or to die;
 Nor ever was it known a Pawn should fly :
 Like sons of *Lilliput*, so small, so bold;
 As We believe, and *Gulliver* has told.

Their Laws, their Orders, and their Manners these,
 The rest let *Slaughter's* tell you if you please.

The COMPLAINT.

A POLLO, with an Air divine,
 To Council call'd the Sacred Nine :
 'Tis said, his business was to know
 How Mortals us'd them here below.

High seated on a Throne of Bays,
 Whose chief Supporters were of Praise,
 The King of rhyme his will declar'd,
 That all Complaints should then be heard.

Melpomene

Melpomene with sober mien

In Tears began the solemn scene,

“ Did you but know (my Lord) said she,

“ How ill they treat you Self and Me;

“ How much thy first Design abuse;

“ How often prostitute the Muse!

“ O'er every wealthy Coxcomb's Urn

“ In fulsome Elegy I mourn:

“ If chance a hated Statesman die,

“ A long Pindarique I supply;

“ Am much surpriz'd no Comet bold

“ So fatal an Event foretold;

“ Array the dead in borrow'd dress,

“ Amuse the Croud, and tire the Press.

She said : She curtsy'd : Sate her down;

Thalia rose, and thus begun :

“ I, who the Lawrel Crown bestow,

“ And celebrate the routed Foe ;

“ Who sing the Virtues of the Great,

“ And snatch their Memories from Fate:

“ Ev'n I an equal wrong must mourn,

“ And be their Creature in my turn ;

“ If chance a needy Poet write,

“ I call a Victory a Flight

“ Or

- " Or should it to my duty fall,
 " A Flight a Victory must call;
 " Can mourn the Conquerors as dead,
 " And praise the Worth of them who fled.
 " If this is fit for me to bear —

Let *Clio* (said the God) appear:

- " Ev'n I, (said she) the Muse of Love,
 " Abuses great as theirs can prove.
 " The servant I of blooming Youth,
 " (Oh ! that it were adorn'd by Truth)
 " But I must flatter to betray,
 " And praise the very Sense away;
 " Nay, where the Wrinkle deep appears,
 " Admire the Charms of Twenty Years;
 " Where most I scorn, must most adore,
 " And pine, and die for Forty-four.

She said : But angry *Phæbus* swore,
 For that time He could hear no more.

JUPITER

JUPITER *and* EUROPA.

W H I L E *Jove* in shape of Bull convey'd
 O'er the wide Deep the trembling Maid,
 She thought her usage most uncivil,
 And wish'd her Pad was at the Devil.
 But after he had laid aside,
 The threatning horns and staring hide,
 And, in his radiant Glories drest,
 Rush'd eager to her snowy breast ;
 The Nymph expanded all her charms,
 And met with equal Fires his arms.
 From Bliss to Bliss entranc'd he rov'd,
 And gave her Proofs how well he lov'd.
 He gave her Proofs indeed, 'tis true,
 But all his Proofs appear'd too few.

On the tir'd Ruler of the Skies
 The Fair One turn'd her wishing Eyes ;
 But finding that she turn'd in vain,
 Thus with a Sigh she spoke her Pain :

- “ And is it thus you me deceive ?
 “ Is this the All that *Jove* can give ?
 “ Was it for this o'er Seas I rode ?
 “ Is this the Vigour of a God ?
 “ You turn'd from *Beast* to *Beau* in vain ;
 “ I wish you were a *Bull* again.

T H E

JULIUS AND JULIA.

THE FIRST. [The first of the two scenes.]

Julius. [The first of the two scenes.]

Julius. [The first of the two scenes.]

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Julius. [The first of the two scenes.]

T H H

THE
TOILETTE

In THREE Books.

*Quò enim spectant flexæ pectine comæ ? quò facies
medicamine adtrita ? Et oculorum quoque mo-
bilis petulantia ? quò incessus tutè compositus ;
Et ne vestigia quidem pedum extra mensuram
aberrantia ; nisi quòd formam prostituas, ut
vendas ?*

Petron. Arbit.

TOLLETT

In Tress Y

THE
TOILETTE.

BOOK I.

WHAT mystic Arts support a female reign,
What various engines form the Toilette's
train,

The Use of Dress in either Sex to show,
And model into form the rural Beau,

I sing. Ye Fair! ye Young! protect my Lays,
Be yours the Profit, and be mine the Praise.

H

Thou

Thou *Vanity*! whose universal sway
 Alike the Cynic, and the Fop obey,
 Who, widely potent, bear'st an equal rule
 O'er Birth-night Balls, and *Aristotle's* School,
 Forsake thy glitt'ring shrine; and, for a while,
 On labours destin'd to thy service smile:
 So shall am y Verse in gentle hands be seen;
 (Amusement fatal both to Time and Spleen!)
 So on the Pillow shall these lines be read,
 While contemplating Nymphs are yet in bed.

In days of yore, as ancient Portraits show,
 (Where yet the Labours of the pencil glow)
 Our wayward Fair, with Garments grave and long,
 With-held their Beauties from the gazing Throng:
 Not yet the Neck reveal'd its snowy hue,
 Nor yet the Bosom panted to the view:
 Not ev'n the Ankle could the Lover spy,
 (The Ankle fatal to the youthful Eye!)
 Of Empire fond, and Housewives of the Joy,
 They fear'd their Beauties, if beheld, would cloy;
 And kept the rich Reserve conceal'd from sight,
 A luscious banquet for the bridal Night.
 So guardain Misers bolt the trusty door,
 While they in secret hug the precious store:

But

THE TOILETTE.

75

But at their Feasts they shrink the glitt'ring hoard,
And splendid Plenty smiles upon the board.

Yet, had those home-spun Dames but early known
The force of beauty, when with Judgment shown:
What furious Wishes swell the Lover's breast,
How much he sighs and rages to be blest:
Compleat as ours had been that bashful train,
As gay, as loud, as elegant, as vain!

Our modern Nymphs, more mischievously kind,
Their Pow'r, confirm'd by their Indulgence, find
With Charms reveal'd they greet the Rover's Eye;
Heedless we gaze, and unresisting die.
When Beauty blazes in Meridian Light,
(No friendly Veil to screen the dazzled sight;)
When the low Stays the widening Bosom show,
(One fair expanse of animated Snow!)
Ev'n Beaux must own (oh proof of Pow'r confess!)
It moves their gentle Wishes — for the Rest.

Yet, potent as ye are, forgive, ye fair,
If still I make your Discipline my care;
These Charms ill manag'd may obnoxious prove,
And cause Aversion where you threaten Love.

But

H 2

Sharp

Sharp is the Dart, and fatal to the foe,
 If aim'd with Skill it quit the forceful bow :
 So sharp is Beauty to the Lover's Heart,
 But sharpest Beauty must be aim'd with Art.

If to Perfection you the Head would dress,
 In all it's ornaments avoid Excess ;
 Load not with toys, what nature has design'd
 The noblest structure of the human kind.
 Why all around should flutt'ring Lappets play,
 Or Ribbands glare, unprofitably gay ?
 Thin, light and easy should the cov'ring be,
 As not design'd for Show, but Decency,

Blest be the Girl who, by uncommon hap,
 First found the beauties of the round-ear'd Cap.
 That dapper coif adorns, with matchless Grace,
 As well the youthful as autumnal face :
 This knows the fraudulent Harlot, and with care
 In this will oft her shatter'd form repair.
 In riding Vest she stands demure and meek,
 While seeming Innocence adorns her cheek :
 (Vers'd in Destruction ! studious to betray !)
 The hapless Prentice falls her easy prey.

How does the *Quaker's* modest garb invite ?
 Her well quill'd Cambrick strikes the judging sight :

Those

Those sober Saints, full fraught with grace and zeal,
Can yet the Stings of Mother-Nature feel:
The tempting grace of decent Dress they know,
And aim with judgment at the broad-brim'd Beau.

This yet remains. Ye married Fair attend,
Nor scorn the profer'd service of a Friend;
Would you the dreadful fear of Change remove,
And reign secure of Man's capricious Love,
Let Pinners ever clean regale his sight.
Fresh be your Head-dress with the Morning Light.

Oft have I seen some young unthinking Fair
With Flow'rs and Diamonds load her flowing Hair.
Reject this needless task, nor vainly hide
Your Lover's Glory and your Sex's Pride.
When the full Tresses, with bewitching grace,
In swelling Ringlets wanton o'er the Face,
Or by the Bodkin's forceful art confin'd,
With shining Sable grace the Neck behind:
Say, why should Flow'rs their gaudy folds display,
Or the vain Brilliant dart it's feeble ray?

The useful Powder-box be next my Song,
Friend to the old, and Fav'rite of the young;
With this the Matron, venerably grey,
Can hide the silver tokens of Decay;

With this secure can in the Front-box sit,
 And court the Glances of the ogling Pit.
 Tho' thin her antiquated Tresses lie,
 The plaist'ring Powder yet deceives the Eye.
 So when the driving Gales, and wintry Snow,
 In one white Veil have wrapt the World below,
 With equal Beauty, to the shiv'ring Swain,
 Appear the genial Glebe and desart Plain;
 Tho' one wide waste of barren Sand is here,
 And there the Promise of the fruitful Year.

To add much grace the Fav'rite may be said,
 When o'er the Forehead's smooth expansion spread;
 That gentle Lock, if 'tis reduc'd with care,
 Gives double lustre to a Skin that's fair:
 As softly bending to the view it lies,
 Like the gay Rainbow in the Summer Skies.

As rising Grass adorns some tender mead,
 When genial Springs the wintry blasts succeed,
 As the soft Rose bedecks the Florist's ground,
 And smiles, superior of the Sweets around;
 Such are the Honours of the Virgin's Hair,
 And such the Charms resistless Ringlets bear:
 How sure they tempt us, and how much excel,
 Let fair *Belinda's* Loss for ever tell.

Tho'

Tho' Dress and Beauty much assist the Fair;
 The grand *Arcanum* not inhabits there:
 Nymphs may our Eyes with glitt'ring Toys invade,
 The trembling Spangle, or the rich Brocade:
 These only serve like pageant Rooms of State,
 To tempt the Gazer to his farther Fate:
 Alas! our Ruin does but here begin,
 The finish'd mischief is conceal'd within;
 'Tis there, enamour'd with their fancy'd Store,
 Kings cease to rule, and Patriots plod no more.

So some Magician, in romantic Strain,
 Uprears his Castle on the verdant Plain;
 The spacious Dome, with Gold and Diamonds gay,
 Invites the weary wand'ring Knight to stay:
 O'er Brilliant Pavements unconfin'd he roves,
 Thro' Crystal Arches and enchanted Groves;
 While far within, unseen by human Eyes,
 Deep in his Cell the bearded Wizard lies;
 He waves his fable Wand, his Goblins wait,
 The luckless Stranger finds the Fraud too late;
 Caught in the Charm, for Ages to remain,
 And dream of Tilts and Tournaments in vain.

If

Tho'

If in the well-taught Pacer you delight,
 The Jockey's Cap is no unpleasing sight;
 Tho' fading Prudes with spleen thy dress behold,
 And cry "It makes a Woman look so bold."
 Vainly, alas, they rail, while we admire;
 We know they censure what they can't acquire:
 Of Youth and Beauty Prudes are still the foe,
 Because 'tis want of both which makes them so.

The Ladies once (that was a time indeed!)
 With Hat and Wig equip'd would climb the Steed:
 Surpriz'd the Lover view'd his alter'd Fair,
 Her warrior Features and embolden'd Air;
 The straggling Curls, with masculine embrace,
 Deform'd the yielding Softness of the Face.
 So when from Hills the gushing Torrents flow,
 They rudely stain the Silver Stream below.
 So rattling Winds collect the Clouds on high,
 And blast the Calmness of the Summer Sky.
 Take heed, ye Nymphs; this needless Art refrain;
 Be not at least ———— ridiculously vain:
 Already too compleat is Beauty's Store,
 And Bankrupt Nature can afford no more.

'Tis yours by Tenderness of Form to move ;
Venus would ill become the Arms of *Jove*.
 When sportling Lambs no more the fleece sustain,
 But stalk with threat'ning claws and brinded mane ;
 When Turtles change their gentle form, and seek
 The Kite's unweildy pounce, and piercing beak :
 Then, O ye Fair, (but for th' Example stay,)
 May you be full as elegant as they.

Would you in flow'r of Health, and Charms surpass,
 Consult your Saddle more, and less your Glafs ;
 Let the soft Beau, in close Machine confin'd,
 Peep cautious out, and tremble at the Wind :
 Be yours to press the Steed, with loosen'd Rein,
 O'er gently-rising Hills or level Plain :
 So with new Lustre shall your Beauties glow,
 Fresh Lilies spring and op'ning Roses blow :
 Tho' long before each vernal Blush was fled,
 The Eyes o'ercast, and the Complexion dead ;
 Tho' various Doctors had employ'd their skill,
 And, impotent to cure, delay'd to kill ;
 This shall again the sprightly Red renew,
 And Youth and Beauty reassume their due ;
 O'er thy pale Cheek the mantling Bloom shall move,
 And each fair Feature flush with rising Love.

Another

Another Good you yet by Riding share,
 The Dress and Posture much improve your Air;
 To great advantage, in the modish Vest,
 Are seen the taper Waste, and op'ning Breast:
 And, as the Wind the Petticoat inspires,
 The Foot appears alternate, and retires;
 The greedy Lover gazes with Surprise,
 Sighs at each Step, and as you pace he dies.

A small Digression must my Rules attend,
 Where Precepts fail, Example may amend:
 How in fair *Yorkshire's* wide-extended plain,
 A beauteous Nymph long lov'd a churlish Swain,
 And how, tho' long she lov'd, she lov'd in vain;
 Well form'd by Nature, well improv'd by Art,
 She fail'd to move his undiscerning heart:
 Small was her Waste, and berry-brown her Hair,
 Her Bosom panting, prominent, and fair;
 And wanton roll'd her Eyes, as Love himself were there.
 This buxom Lass was full of youthful blood,
 She lov'd the sylvan Haunt, and shady Wood;
 She lov'd the Hare, the Hound's melodious cry,
 And ever, when the Chase was hot, was nigh.

It so befel upon a Sun-shine day,
 A goodly Train went out in search of prey;
 Her Father first with rev'rence due we name,
 The Poacher's dread, and Guardian of the Game;
 Next came the Vicar on his thread-bare Steed,
 (A beast more fam'd for Abstinence than Speed)
 And then in order, to the cheerful plain,
 The love-sick Maid, and unrelenting Swain.
 And now the Hounds began the tuneful Cry,
 The Scent was burning, and the Game was nigh:
 The furious Fair out strip'd the rushing wind,
 Far lagg'd the Parson, and the Squire behind.
 The Youth alone, so Fate ordain'd, was near;
 For Fate's unerring hand was surely here:
 When unregarding, in her utmost speed,
 Down fell the Damsel from the straining Steed;
 One taper Leg the stubborn Footstool bound,
 (Her beauteous head depending to the ground)
 Swift to her aid the gen'rous Shepherd flew,
 As swift he kindled at the tempting View.
 Not *Homer's* hundred Tongues would well suffice
 To speak the Wonders which engag'd his Eyes.
 Reform'd, like *Cymon*, now the Nymph he spy'd,
 And wild with Passion, claim'd her for his Bride.

The

The willing Sire consents, rejoic'd the Fair;
 (The Couple ready, and the Churchman there)
 Instant to join their Hands they all agree,
 And tie the Knot beneath the Greenwood-Tree:
 And well I wot, had they been but alone,
 That Tree had serv'd for uses more than one.
 Enough of that. Now home return'd they all;
May ev'ry love-sick Maid have such a Fall!

THE

By
 W
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 No
 The

THE
TOILETTE.

BOOK II.

LEAVE we a while the well instructed Fair,
And to the gentle Beau transfer our care;
Tho' here, how small does the Digression seem
Alike the Precepts, as alike the Theme.

Our Youth of old were wont the Fair to move,
By manly Vigour, and athletic Love:
With healthful Nerves they prest the glowing Dame,
Not squeal'd in sing-song Lays a sickly Flame.
At Eyes alone our Beaus direct their art,
Nor know the nobler Conquest of the Heart.

With her own Arms a Mistress they pursue,
 Snuff, Powder, Patches, Paste, and Billets doux.
 Man's hardy mould is in his Habit lost,
 And Beaus assume the Softness of their Toast.

The smart Toupêt my foremost Praise must claim;
 (Invention fatal to the ogling Dame !)
 This, tuck'd on high, the brawny Neck displays ;
 What Beauty pants not, who but dares to gaze ?
 See, lengthen'd down the pond'rous Queue descend :
 What stale *Platonic* can her heart defend ?
 Thus *Egypt's* Gods did once of old prevail,
 Tho' dignify'd alone by Length of Tail.
 When *Britain's* Sons, in fam'd *Rammillies's* field,
 With Force resistless taught the Foe to yield,
 Their ample Curls in order to confine,
 Tis said the Queue at first was their design :
 A Birth how glorious, but a Fall how great !
 Kings, Queues and Empires must submit to Fate.
 The Hero's Pride, and Terror of the Foe,
 Now humbly deigns to deck the peaceful Beau.

If to the Law thy careful thoughts incline,
 This modern Garb will frustrate the Design :
 The reverend Bench will be amaz'd to see
 An infant Brother staring in Toupêt !

Preferment

Preferment will be slow, and Clients few,
Nor ever shall the Coif succeed the Queue.

Would Youth consider what depends on Dress,
Complaints of slighted Merit would be less:
In all Professions, since the world began,
The useful Habit typify'd the Man.
How bow the gaping croud submissive down,
When the huge Doctor rustles in his Gown?
The Preacher's self is heeded but by few,
Men think their Patience to his Habit due.
By breadth of Band the Lawyer gets his fee,
For what Cravat can be so wise as he?
In-Lace the Mountebank harangues the croud,
His Jacket gaudy, as his Nonsense loud.
Dress aptly judg'd shall pass for sterling Skill,
Alike in Law, Divinity, and Pill.

I have beheld a Beau, of hapless mind,
To some old Peruke add a Tail behind;
Then, pleas'd, survey the inconsistent grace,
And claim alliance with the Pig-tail Race:
How would our Connoisseurs be pleas'd to see
Debilitated Bob commence Toupêt!

Of all improvements this appears the worst,
For Queues, like Poets, must be born at first!

If you the fashionable trade profess,
 Of thinking little and of acting less,
 A painful life, from all employment barr'd :
 (For doing nothing is to labour hard)
 Then let the Queue it's utmost Length disp'ay,
 And shew the World you can at least be gay :
 So shall each Coachman woo thee for his fare ;
 So " Bless your Honour " sound from every Chair ;
 For thee the Croud obsequious shall divide :
 Thy Wig shall press where Merit is denied.
 The Fair shall place thee in her foremost train,
 The Monkey's Rival, and the Parrot's Bane.

Yet think, O Youth, while Youth maintains it's prime,
 Is Dress a Tribute to be paid to Time ?
 So low, so trifling is the vain Employ,
 You nor improve the moments, nor enjoy.
 Oh ! think, when Age shall press thy hoary head,
 And Dance, and Dress, and Nonsense all be fled ;
 When thy dim Eyes Diseases shall disarm,
 When Lace, when Beauty can no longer charm,
 What gleaming Joys shall cheer thy close of day,
 Or where's the Comfort to have once been gay ?
 What of thy *Phyllis* shall in Age remain,
 That once so pretty was, and once so vain ?

When

When Youth shall cease to gild her frailties o'er,
 When Beauty privilege Deceit no more !
 As thy Desires, so shall her Charms be lost ;
 No more a Coxcomb thou, or she a Toast.

Thus Folly flies with all her painted Train ;
 But sacred Wisdom shall unhurt remain,
 O Goddess ! ever fair, and ever young,
 As *Venus* gentle ; yet as *Atlas* strong ;
 O may thy Pow'r my latest steps attend,
 When Lace shall tarnish, and when Curls unbend !

Would you be sure to please the judging eye ?
 Still let your Habit with your Age comply.
 Does not the Earth this lesson well express,
 Observe her changes, and like Nature dress ?
 Mark when *December*, fullen, and severe,
 With wintry blasts deforms th' expiring year ;
 From the keen season shelter'd by the snow,
 Unseen, and safe, her tender harvests grow.
 But when the Spring elate with youthful Grace,
 Thro' kinder skies pursues his glorious race ;
 Her conscious vales the fruitful blessing greet,
 Her buds expanded smile beneath the Heat ;
 Soft op'ning flow'rs their balmy sweets display,
 Court the warm Sun, and wanton in his ray.

The beardless Stripling, just arriv'd at age,
 Frequents the Church, the Ring, the Mall, and Stage,
 With like Contempt his wand'ring eyes survey,
 Religion, Beauty, Company, and Play:
 Collected in his Cloaths he stands alone,
 Nor seeks to be esteem'd, but to be known.
 In Man confirm'd a different View appears,
 The Thirst of Gain increases with our Years:
 No more the wild Extravagant you see;
 We dress for Use alone, and Decency:
 Or Wealth or Fame 'tis now our task to win,
 And all the Vanity retires within.
 To glitt'ring Baubles we devote our Prime,
 And what does rip'ning Age but change the Crime:
 The Man transform'd at diff'ring times survey,
 Now meanly sordid, once profusely gay.

As where the Bridge the foaming *Thames* divides,
 What various Prospects crown the parted Sides?
 What Gewgaws in his infant waters flow,
 What weightier Burdens crown his deeps below?
 Here to *Spring-Garden* in the guilty boat
 The wand'ring Rake, and wither'd Letcher float;
 Where *Drury's*-Dames, an ever-gentle train,
 Invite the fond, the thoughtless, and the vain:
 There far beneath with Wealth, and Plenty gay,
 The loaded Vessels ride in proud array;

Whence

Whence the vain Trader quits the faithful Shore;
 Curst with his Much, yet eager still for more;
 While Cares and Fears his anxious hours divide;
 A wretched Prey to Avarice and Pride:
 So flows the Stream of Life, a restless wave;
 So rolls a motly torrent to the Grave.

See fault'ring Age with countless Ills appears;
 (The sure attendants of increasing Years)
 Where now the foreign Mein, and practis'd Air,
 Which warm'd the Wishes of the rip'ning Fair?
 Or where the nervous Limbs, and sturdy Frame,
 Beheld with Rapture by the knowing Dame?
 Sick Fancy triumphs o'er Performance dead;
 And all of Life, but Misery, is fled.
 Now pond'rous Coats our shiv'ring limbs enfold,
 To fence the Morning Dews, or Ev'ning Cold;
 The feeble Legs with Tortures are o'er-run;
 The Eyes unconscious of the flaming Sun.
 Thus ever doom'd is Man to drag the chain;
 In Youth of Passion, and in Age of Pain.
 Hard Lot at last, not to be with'd at first!
 (A wretched Reptile in Existence curst!)

The Sons of *Galen*, anxious for the Fee,
 In dress consult an artful Gravity.
 They nor affect the martial Queue to wear,
 Or chuse the dapper Bob's assuming air;

The

The copious Knot adown their shoulders flows,
 And free from Powder hang their well-brush'd Cloaths.
 With Looks demure, they grasp the golden Bait,
 And issue Mandates in arrest of Fate :
 Feather and Lace with reason they despise,
 Well knowing to be grave is to be wise.
 Tho' *Phæbus* pride him in his Summer Show,
 And blend in one the Doctor, and the Beau,
 To mortal wights no Pattern yet is he ;
 The Gods take greater Liberties than we.

Poets (a caution needful but to few)
 Should shun a dress extravagant, or new :
 The heav'n-born Muse can charm with native Grace;
 Tho' not bedawb'd with Simile, or Lace.
 Let squealing Peacocks gawdy Plumes display,
 The warbling Lark appears in sober Grey.
Parnassus' Hill is mounted but with time ;
 'Twould discompose the puny Beau to climb :
 A rugged Rock and must be gain'd by Care ;
 The splendid Equipage avails not there.
 Few in it's sides their footsteps firm can fix,
 'Tis quite impervious to a Coach and Six.
Homer himself, dependent on the Throng,
 In Rags immortal tun'd his venal Song.

Ye rural Sages, who the Laws retail,
 O'er mouldy Statutes, and composing Ale ;

Who

Who obstinately just, and deaf to pray'r,
 To ruthless *Bridewell* damn the pregnant Fair;
 Would you unrival'd thro' the Parish reign,
 Be grave in Aspect, and in Habit plain;
 In Posture solemn; in Attention deep;
 As half to Thought inclin'd, and half to Sleep:
 So may your Nod contesting Swains advise,
 While wond'ring Tenants pant to be so wise.
 So may your flow-succeeding days be blest,
 In peaceful Plenty, and unmeaning Rest.

Return my Muse, return we to the Fair,
 Thy great Inspirer, and thy best-lov'd Care,
 For Their's the Claim to each instructive Tongue,
 And Their's the great Monopoly of Song.

T H E

T O I L E T T E.

B O O K III.

SMILE thou, my Charmer, on this last Design;
 Smile thou : with Thee shall smile the tuneful
 Nine :

Thou, in whose bright Example we behold:
 More noble Lessons than the Muse has told !
 How does that Form the ravish'd Fancy please,
 In Morning Robes with undefining Ease ;
 Tho' yet unconscious of the Toilette's Skill,
 All void of Art, and negligent to kill ?
 But when the radiant Image I survey,
 Rich with the Spoils of more than half the Day,

Prostrate

Prostrate I bend as to some awful Shrine,
And my aw'd Heart avows the Pow'r divine.
So charms the Sun with his beginning Light,
But his meridian Beams confound the Sight.
Too happy Tyrant, whose unbounded sway,
In ev'ry form we equally obey !
'Tis thine at will, to rule the prostrate land,
Persuade like *Solon*, or like *Jove* command.

In Dress, ye Fair, observe with nicest Art
To shew some Beauties, yet conceal a part.
Tho' frequent Sallies in a Seige are seen,
Yet still they keep a Garrison within.
When half reveal'd, your charms invite to love ;
Our active Fancy will the rest improve :
Lovers, like Saints, despise what they possess,
But die for joys at which they only grieve.

Mark the fair Rose-bud, at the prime of day
It's op'ning Beauties to the Sun display ;
With what Reserve it's conscious folds divid ;
While the coy Sweets diffuse on ev'ry side ;
Such, and so modest should a Maid appear,
But when will Maids such wholesome counsel hear ?

More

More ample Conquests will our Ladies find,
 When they the Neck with sparkling Brilliants bind;
 "That snowy Skin," the whining Lover cries,
 But 'tis the Necklace in his Heart he eyes;
 Yet 'tis not prudent, thus adorn'd, to go
 To Park, or Play, or any publick Show,
 Left hapless Gamester should the treasure see,
 And all his Losses be o'erpaid by thee.

Corinna once, with all her Diamonds gay,
 To cure the Spleen, would needs go see the Play;
 With Belles unnumber'd did the Box abound,
 And Beaux, like *Autumn Flies*, were buzzing round;
 With conscious Majesty *Corinna* shone,
 She saw no Danger, or she dreaded none;
 Ah! heedless Beauty, think, e're 'tis too late,
 Ev'n thou art subject to the Frowns of Fate.
 Fortune at best is but a courtly Foe,
 And when she smiles, she meditates the Blow.

Now fell the Curtain, like the hand of Fate,
 O'er mimic Thrones, and visionary State;
 To servile Life arose the mighty Dead,
 And Kings depos'd went supperless to bed:
Corinna cautious thro' the Crowd withdrew,
 (Nor Chair nor Flambeau yet within her view)

THE TOILETTE.

97

A hungry Sharper had her Necklace spy'd,
 For Bread he wanted what she wore for Pride :
 Strait Hero-like to *Mercury* he pray'd,
 And thus invok'd the Patron of his Trade:
 " Great King of Jugglers! whose propitious sway
 " The Statesman, Pilferer, and Pimp obey ;
 " If by thy aid successful still, and free,
 " I brave the threefold Horrors of the Tree;
 ' Give me to snatch yon glorious Spoils away,
 ' And hear the Spoils I promise to repay.
 " This glitt'ring Rapier, from a Beau purloin'd,
 " A Beauty's Pray'r-Book of the fairest kind,
 " Unfollied both, and worn but for Disguise ;
 " A Widow's Handkerchief shall crown the prize."
 He said. And round the Waste the struggling Fair
 He seiz'd, nor stop'd the bold intruder there ;
 Just on that Part, too mystic here to name,
 Where dwells the Maid's imaginary Fame,
 He fix'd his ruffian hand ; while from behind
 His Comrade, like himself, in vice refin'd,
 Far off, and fated to return no more,
 The beamy splendors of her Necklace bore.

Of signal use the flutt'ring Fan will prove,
 If train'd with care, and disciplin'd to move.
 By this the Beau his Mistress' Temper spies ;
 (Experienc'd Lovers trust not to her Eyes)

By this alone your true Adepts will find
 Her thousand momentary turns of Mind:
 Thrice blest Machine! that shews with matchless Art
 The dark *Arcana* of a Female Heart!

If the rude Sticks their sounding ranks engage,
 Retreat betimes, nor tempt her rising Rage:
 Or when the *Mount* with rapid Motion bends,
 And now contracts by Fits, and now extends:
 When here and there the varying Figures fly,
 And glance like Light'ning on the dazzl'd eye;
 Gods, Rivers, Nymphs, an inconsistent train,
 Promiscuous jostle on the painted plain:
 Then may you see Resentment in her Eyes,
 And on her Lip the pouting Purple rise:
 Now vain Resistance will but more offend;
 Retreat, says *Homer*, nor with Gods contend.

As the same Sun, by his departing Ray,
 Foretells the ratling Storm or genial Day;
 So plays the Fan, an Emblem of the Dame,
 If Anger discompose or Love enflame:
 On every Motion your Attention fix,
 And mark with care the sympathetic Sticks.

When warmest Passions wanton in the mind,
 And pungent Nature urges to be kind;

Then

Then slowly op'ning will the Folds divide,
 And part reveal their charms, and partly hide :
 From side to side the dubious Sticks will play,
 With artless motion, indolently gay :
 Gently they flutter, and at first defy,
 Then languid fall, and in a Murmur die.

To dress the shapely Leg with nicest art;
 In female life is no unmeaning part:
 With thousand Charms let other Nymphs be blest,
 The Diamond-sparkling Eyes, and snowy Breast ;
 This be Thy lot, and thou shalt far excel
 Those boasted Beauties of the courtly Belle ;
 She may perhaps our Praise or Wonder move,
 But thou shalt animate and warm to Love.
 Fine Eyes, like distant Stars, amuse the Sight
 With the cold glimm'rings of enervate Light :
 This, like the Sun, shall generous Life impart,
 At once engage the Eye and reach the Heart ;
 When his hot Beams the Summer's Pride renew,
 And turgid Nature kindles at the view.

If white the Stocking, for a farther Grace,
 Let the red *Clock* the tender Leg embrace ;
 Round the fair pillar let it gently twine,
 Like the young Tendrils of the wanton Vine.

Thus often is the graceful Anckle seen,
 From the proud structure of some gilt Machine:
 Thus sometimes shewn by the designing Fair;
 Too much (ye Gods) for mortal Eyes to bear!
 We gaze and wonder at the Frame divine:
 If such the Columns, what must be the Shrine?

A nobler Task now claims the Muse's aid,
 (Instructive Lesson to the rip'ning Maid.)
 How Hearts, like Squirrels, may be train'd by care
 To hug with Pride the gew-gaw Chains they bear.
 In hours of Spleen divert the thoughtful dame,
 And still be ever teiz'd, and ever tame.

First then, Materials for your purpose choose,
 For there are Hearts too apt ev'n to abuse:
 Wit is to Beauty the most glorious Prey;
 Few Fools the Labour of the Conquest pay.
 What Hunter would the feeble Hind pursue,
 When the fierce Lion stalks within his view?
 He struggles in the Toil, a warlike Prize,
 Provokes his Chains, and ev'n in Death defies.

Fools, like the Eel, at every trifle bite;
 Nay seize their plunder, tho' the Hook's in Sight:
 Like the sage Carp the Wise survey the Bait,
 And heedful hover round suspected Fate;

Hard

Hard to entice, and stubborn to subdue,
A Prize to gain, a Pleasure to pursue.

No easy Task our studious Fair will find,
To mould at will the head-strong Lover's Mind,
When stern Reflection rises to his aid,
When rebel Reason shall from Love dissuade :
To charm that Dragon be your foremost care,
The grand Opposer of your Sex is there :
Nature is weak, unequal to the Part,
Each Look, each Motion must depend on Art.
Sighs, Smiles, and Tears (a never-failing band)
Must well be disciplin'd, and still at hand.
Each ready Feature must the signal know,
When these at will shall rise, and those shall flow.
Did constant Sun-shine gild the rolling year,
'Twould blast the Harvest it was made to cheer ;
So, but forgive the Parallel, ye Fair,
So, if the Sun we may with you compare,
Desire will fade, where Smiles incessant play ;
And Love, the tender Blossom, fade away.

To weep with Judgment is no useless part :
Tears have their Force, and reach the inmost Heart ;
Nay Tears well-tim'd can ev'n Indifference move,
That worst Rebellion in the State of Love.
Tho' the false Beau has long estrang'd his Mind ;
Tho' Oaths, tho' Gratitude no more can bind ;

Tears

Tears shall again his gentle Heart recal ;
 Again the Recreant at thy feet shall fall ;
 Again shall laugh, sigh, ogle, squeeze the hand,
 And lisp out Love too soft to understand.

['And now, ye Fair, my finish'd Task forgive ;
 Propitious smile, and let these Labours live.
 As sage Astronomers, for praise or pay,
 Thro' human Eyes the heav'nly Orbs survey ;
 And wisely frantic in deluded schools,
 To wanton Planets fix fictitious Rules ;
 While They at random run their fiery race,
 Beyond the reach of mortal Wit to trace :
 So I, with equal Impotence of Mind,
 Have studied Laws to fetter Womankind.
 Again, ye Fair, forgive ; but chiefly *Thou*,
 To whom alike in Prose or Rhime I bow ;
 More would I prize, for these unpolish'd Lays,
 Thy single Pardon, than a Kingdom's Praise.

THE

THE
F A L L.

In FOUR Books.

*Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa ; rident
Simplices Nymphæ ; ferus & Cupido,
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas*

Cote curentâ.

H O R.

E H T

ILLUSTRATIONS

In F. O. U. R. Books.

Colo. anatum.
Semper ardens acris sagittis.
Simplans Vampyræ : furor & Cupido.
Miles boæ, stupens, furor ipsæ : indans.

Pat
W

THE
FALL.

BOOK I.

NOR Wars alarms, nor falling States I
sing;
Nor strain with Notes sublime the jarring
string :

Patient attend, ye loyal lovers all,
While soft I chant a gallant Lady's Fall.

Thou,

Thou, kindling *Venus*, lend thy gentle aid,
 Teach thou to win the slowly-yielding maid ;
 To warm the cold, or tempt the crafty fair :
 Attend ye heroes, and ye nymphs beware.

Now, for three seasons had *Florella* shin'd
 The beauteous bane of more than half our kind :
 Did nightly crouds in theatres concur ?
 They paid the Actor, but the look'd on Her :
 Wits spar'd the poet, and *Florella* prais'd,
 And fops, astonish'd into silence, gaz'd.
 Each rip'ning fair beheld her glass with shame,
 And prudes had fits but at *Florella's* name.

Her Voice had charms beyond the force of art,
 'Twas nature's music, and it reach'd the heart.
 Yet open'd not those beauteous Lips in vain,
 Her sense was easy *à propos* and plain :
 The wife their rapture in her meaning found,
 And fops expir'd with pleasure at the sound.
 She knew in love that most important part,
 To sound the value of each offer'd heart ;
 Favours proportion'd to desert to show,
 Approve the Man, and smile upon the Beau :
 She wish'd her choice where youth and merit meet,
 Nor heav'd her gentle bosom to be Great.

How

How great her charms, with decent pride she knew,
 But often sigh'd _____ how transitory too!
 The mind confess'd was stamp'd upon the frame,
 Still all that man could wish, and still the same.

Thus happy reign'd our more than human fair,
 Of earth the wonder, and of heav'n the care;
 'Till wayward *Jove*, for causes yet in fate,
 Had doom'd the plunder of a prize so great.
 For lo! obedient to his awful call,
 The wise, the beauteous, and the mighty fall.

Beauty, alas! thou blessing too refin'd,
 Thou curs'd distinction from the common kind!
 Why shine those eyes so more than mortal bright?
 Why pants that bosom with such heav'nly white?
 Those eyes ill-fated but themselves betray;
 That bosom pants but to be made a prey.

Where on soft banks the tender Violets bloom,
 They tempt their downfall by their own perfume.
 The Cowslip boasts its yellow pride in vain,
 Cropt by the stragling maid, or churlish swain;
 While the rough Grass exerts her spiral blade,
 Secure, and frolic in the woodland shade.
 Live, *Lyce*, live in peace, nor aim at more,
 Safe in thy wrinkled skin, and forty-four.

Say,

Say, 'heav'nly muse, for thou alone can'st tell,
 By what disast'rous fate *Florella* fell !
 At what expence so fair a gem was bought,
 What gods contended, and what heroes fought.
 Are minds like her's with human frailty fill'd,
 Or (oh !) can angels to temptation yield ?

'Twas at a Ball, to grace a bridal feast,
 Where love had warm'd each sympathizing breast,
 (Each heart with wine inspir'd and genial food)
 Brisk beat the pulse, and nimbly roll'd the blood ;
Florella shone the wonder of the rest ;
 And she who could but imitate, was blest.

Now sprightly notes the jovial dance prepare,
 Each am'rous youth invites his chosen fair ;
Florella's eyes secur'd the brightest swain,
 A youth, the gentlest of the gentle train.
 With conscious smiles the raptur'd nymph survey'd
 His trembling sword-knot, and his rich brocade.
 Think, wretched fair one, fly the shining foe,
 (But who shall judge of happiness below ?)
 Soon shalt thou curse the idol thou hast made,
 His trembling sword-knot, and his rich brocade.

This

This matchless Hero, pre-ordain'd to kill,
 In foreign regions had acquir'd his skill.
 His Sire was wealthy, and of rural race,
 Unknown to title, dignity, or place :
 Midst herds, and flocks, and swains sincere as those,
 An honest, humble, healthy life he chose :
 Well would he nourish the disabled Poor,
 But scourge the Vagrant from his plenteous door.
 His rooms were spacious, lofty, dark and plain,
 The home-spun product of *Eliza's* reign :
 Such where (as grand-dames tell) at noon of night
 Glides the pale miser's never-resting sprite :
 Smit with unwholsome damps, and lazy dew,
 Cold gleam'd the mould'ring arches to the view ;
 O'er his long isles the baleful winds might roam,
 Or rush shrill-whistling thro' the shatter'd dome.
 High in his hall a huge stag's head was found,
 And twelve ill favour'd *Cæsars* grinn'd around.

Thus did he live, and thus his substance spare,
 Discreet, in prospect of his rising heir ;
 For him in time he justly hop'd to raise,
 The pride and theme of his declining days :
 For this with doctrine soft, and lessons mild,
 He wisely form'd the yet increasing child.

L

To

To men of his domains avail'd it aught,
 What *Homer* painted, or what *Tully* thought?
 He only aim'd his offspring to advance;
 So blest the boy, and sent him into *France*.

Compleat return'd he in each practis'd air;
 'Twas Industry in him, 'tis Nature there.
 As docil Apes, who human gestures show,
 Feel not the passion whence those gestures flow:
 So we our tougher nerves distort in vain,
 The supple cringe, and foreign grace to gain;
 Ill suits our surly sons the spaniel grin,
 And tho' with pains the outward man we win,
 We want their lighter fire, that prompts within.

Thus train'd to charm, *Fiorella* he address'd,
 And kindled unknown fires within her breast:
 Whate'er she spoke, with rapture he approv'd,
 And much he flatter'd her; for much he lov'd:
 His words, unweigh'd and wild, too plainly show'd
 He bore the shaft within, and had the god:
 Thrice to reveal his Passion did he try,
 And thrice he ended, but with — *let me die*.
 And sure a Statue had he soon become,
 For ever Gazing, and for ever Dumb:
 But fate, that works by methods unforeseen,
 And calls forth great events from causes mean,

Reliev'd

Reliev'd his pain; for now the matchless maid
 The painted honours of her Fan display'd;
 There in full colours had the workman told,
 How *Danaë* e'erst receiv'd the heavenly gold;
 By Loves attended in a rich alcove,
 She lay irriguous with descending *Jove*;
 Her half-shut eyes the pungent joy confess'd,
 And the warm rapture panted on her breast.
 The youth a-while the wanton Toy survey'd,
 Then in these soft'ning sounds address the maid.

" Or much I err, and long, with fruitless pain,
 " These eyes have ogled foreign climes in vain;
 " Or this same Fan, the fairest in the dance,
 " Or this same Fan, must surely come from *France*.
 " For fans like this —

" *French* is the Fan, the smiling Nymph reply'd,
 " Yet let not eloquence inflame my pride,
 " No choice, no judgment, in myself was shown,
 " 'Twas fortune's gift, and at a raffle won;
 " Propitious *Hermes* turn'd the lucky throw,
 " To him (indulgent pow'r!) the prize I owe;
 " Oft at Quadrille he aids my hand unseen,
 " Supp'ies a trump, or guards some widow'd queen:
 " He gives the cards to slip, the dice to roll,
 " And the long trophies of the doubtful *Voie*.

She

She added not ——— for now, the morning ray
 Alarm'd the dancers with approaching day ;
 So homeward all return'd by dawning light,
 To dream the pleasures of the finish'd night.
 Hail sacred Sleep ! thou softest gift of *Jove*,
 The friend of all ——— but most the friend of love !
 What visionary joys by thee we share !
 Close clasp the kind, or melt the colder fair ;
 Nor hinder this those tyrants most abhor'd,
 The niggard parent, or the surly lord.

But infant love *Florella's* soul possess,
 The kindled symptoms rack'd her gentle breast.
 To *Pbillis* first she told her artless tale,
 (Red rose the blush, with interchanging pale,

Pbillis was gentlest of the hand-maid train,
Florella lov'd, and lov'd her not in vain ;
 With useful knowledge was her bosom fill'd,
 Of past tenacious, and in future skill'd :
 Right well she knew the candle's mystic light,
 With all presages of the fateful night.
 How death in sleep denoted, we should try
 The sister-sentence of the marriage tie ;
 The owl's portentous cry, the cricket's scream,
 The lucky number, and the morning dream.

How

" *Phillis*, at length, the mournful fair begun,
 " Thou seest thy mistress helpless and undone ;
 " I who so long by practis'd pride withstood
 " Each gust of gay desire and vernal blood ;
 " I, whom nor dress nor title could subdue,
 " The Count in velvet, or Sir John in blue,
 " Submit, convinc'd, to love's resistless dart,
 " And feel the restless wanton at my heart.

" But say, thou partner in my early praise :
 " Thou best companion of my whiter days,
 " Reflect with candour how I once excell'd,
 " Unmov'd what wonders have these eyes beheld !
 " View'd the gay court, with all it's peacock train,
 " Regardless view'd it, and came home again ;
 " In the gilt chariot seen his lordship shine,
 " Yet with'd nor both, nor either trifle mine :
 " 'Tis past. Some pow'r, averse to virgin fame,
 " With zeal invidious, blows the latent flame.
 " Oh night ! for ever sure to claim a tear,
 " Oh youth ! too lately known ; too early dear ;
 " What talk, what teeth, (ye gods !) what shape and eyes,
 " How sweetly smil'd his ever-smooth replies !
 " Oh sleep ! if thou canst boast (as wretches say)
 " O'er human minds a more than mortal sway,
 " To my charm'd thoughts convey the lovely swain,
 " Urge all the god, and prove thy power to reign :

M

" In

“ In soft security my mind relieve,

“ Nor I can suffer so, nor he deceive.

So spake the Fair, and strait prepar'd for rest;
 (That rare companion of a lover's breast!)
 And first, with *Phyllis'* necessary aid,
 From the lac'd coif she eas'd her beauteous head;
 When o'er her bosom, with untutor'd air,
 Luxurious wanton'd the dishevell'd hair;
 The full-swol'n ringlets, sportful and unbound,
 Diffus'd a balmy fragrance all around.
 Next from her sides she took with tender care
 Those happy stays which clasp'd *Elysium* there;
 Which closely free her yielding Body press'd,
 And forc'd new beauties on the rising breast;
 And all the while converse of various kind
 Made short their labours, and reliev'd the mind.

Now, unrestrain'd, her Breasts appear'd to view,
 And shin'd unsullied as the morning dew;
 Smooth as the mountain in *December's* snow,
 Soft as, in Summer's pride, the vale below;
 Fair, round and white, the gentle Swells arose,
 Then silent fell, and panted to repose;
 Apart they rose, and form'd a Virgin plain,
 (Sweet space! impervious to the gazing swain;)
 Conceal'd from man's unhallow'd ken, and known
 To heav'n, it's kindred purity, alone.

Now

Now unarray'd appear'd our finish'd Dame,
 Save one thin Veil around her gentle frame ;
 That snow-white Veil which, faithless to it's post,
 Is nearest trusted, yet deceives the most.
 And now, in bed the beauteous Nymph was laid,
 Attendance to the rites while *Phyllis* paid ;
 Her polish'd limbs she hid with nicest care,
 Discreet, and conscious of the lambent air.
 Not the green surges of the watry plain,
 Which lave love's goddess in her parent main ;
 Not her own Zone, th' immortal gift of *Jove*,
 More perfect transports in it's heav'n can prove,
 Than those fair Sheets which — oh too envy'd place !
 Wrapt the warm charmer in their soft embrace.

THE
F A L L

BOOK II.

NOW, o'er the plains of heav'n's unmeasur'd
height
The genial morn diffus'd her chearful
light ;

To grateful toil arose the healthful swain,
Hail'd the fair East, and sought his humble gain ;
While night's polluted sons, a worthless crew,
With faithless steps their homeward path pursue,
Secret to drown the not-returning day,
And sleep the bounty of the gods away :
When *Jove* all-conscious, where he sits on high
'Midst the bright train who crown his subject sky,
With silence heard, with distant awe beheld,
The sacred counsels of his mind revea'd.

“ Ye

" Ye guardian Pow'rs, who, ceaseless to bestow,
" Protect the thankless race of man below ;
" You whose dread arm maintains successful war,
" While the vain victor climbs th' insulting carr ;
" Or You, who wakeful prop the falling throne,
" While statemen swear the miracle their own ;
" A while neglect your charge, and jointly try
" The softest task that e'er employ'd the sky.
" See, yet unrival'd, young *Florella* reign,
" Toast of the court, and goddess of the plain ;
" Her finish'd mind, and faultless form declare
" Our scatter'd attributes united there ;
" Sure fate from each a ray immortal stole,
" And molded her the extract of the whole.
" And yet, oh Beauty ! thou ill-fated prize,
" Sport of the fool, and tyrant of the wise !
" Too fine thy texture to be fram'd secure ;
" Twould pose Omnipotence to stamp thee sure !

" Know then, *Florella* loves, unhappy fair !
" So late my pride, my wonder, and my care !
" Fond Sex ! I meant them but to urge desire,
" Not feel themselves a passion, but inspire ;
" By tears, by smiles, by nameless arts to move ;
" But oh ! I meant not they should ever love.
" Love was a check, which I from first assign'd
" To Man's unpolish'd force, and brutal mind.

" To

- " To cheat herself, does the *Hyæna* cry?
 " By her own poison does the *Viper* die?
 " Should fate, events so unforeseen ordain,
 " Ourself may sleep, and Providence be vain:
 " But say; (Th' expecting world our doom attend)
 " Yield we the beauteous Victim, or defend?

So spake the fire; when from the cirque below,
 Soft rose the Goddess of the silver Bow:

- " My fire, she said, if grateful to thy eyes
 " O'er heav'n's pale arch my ev'ning beams arise;
 " Or if I grace thy delegated sway,
 " O'er realms impervious to the blaze of day;
 " From her vain self, and man than her more vain,
 " Save thou the first, the fairest of my train:
 " Ev'n now soft dreams her balmy slumbers move,
 " She sighs, one ceaseless sacrifice to love.
 " Thou know'st, oh father, poison to our kind!
 " If passion once invade the female mind,
 " (Tenacious sex !) in vain would mortal art
 " Wrench the warm weapon from the bleeding heart.
 " Let now thy own remembrance rise my aid,
 " What millions won, forsaken and betray'd!
 " To mimic courts beneath our native sky
 " (How sure to be convinc'd !) direct thine eye;
 " There see what shoals obey your *Cupid's* call,
 " What half-grown hecatombs successive fall !

" By

" By thy own arts, (a blissful tale I tell)
 " Thy proper prize, my much-lov'd *Io* sell;
 " In my own shape didst thou *Calisto* bend,
 " And doubly rob me of my form and friend;
 " And now (vain gift!) unheeded from afar,
 " She dimly shines a prostituted star.

" 'Tis trifle all — but let thy mercy spare
 " This one distinguish'd, one unequal'd fair:
 " Yet if, as all must yield to thee and fate,
 " She bow submissive to the social state,
 " At least let *Hymen* wait the bridal call,
 " Adorn the cheat, and sanctify her fall.

She spake; but *Venus*, blushing heavenly red,
 Indignant tost her fair resenting head;
 While, from those lips where endless graces dwell,
 These gentle accents sweet-succeeding fell.

" Could fond Conceit, and quaint remembrance move,
 " In vain were Providence, in vain were *Jove*.
 " Why should One nymph, deserter from her kind,
 " Evade the frailties of the human mind?
 " For man, and man alone, the sex was made,
 " His soft incumbrance, and his dear bought aid;
 " For him the planets roll, the suns arise,
 " The roses brighten, and the virgin sighs.

" And

" And why should *Hymen* wait the bridal call?
 " Is nature error, or to love to fall?
 " *Hymen*! the terror of each earthly dame!
 " Curs'd be his feeble torch and and winking flame!
 " (Witness our deathless selves!) how hard his chain,
 " Which half our synod groan to quit in vain!

Thus they; when *Hebe* with officious haste
 Girt her fair vest, and minister'd repast:
 Down sat the glitt'ring choir in meet array;
 For such their antient wont, at noon of day.
Florella now by custom prone to rise,
 With one sweet sigh unveil'd her languid eyes;
 Not sighs so sweet, where eastern breezes move,
 Wake the still ev'ning in *Arabia's* grove,
 When the young winds the fragrant scent exhale,
 And crowd'd odours swell the balmy gale.

As when the sun from regions far away
 Cross the grey lawn directs his level ray;
 When half reveal'd he rears his beamy head
 From the wide ocean's coolly breathing bed;
 So (but that view what mortal strength can bear!)
 In gradual beauty rose the melting fair.

Soon as she left her couch, and touch'd the ground,
 A gleam of silent joy diffus'd around;

Bright

Bright, and more bright, the rich-wrought tap'stry shone,
 Inspir'd with lustre to the loom unknown;
 Glow'd every thread with animated hue,
 And each full form projected to the view,
 So where some genius haunts the lonely glade,
 A deeper green adorns the sacred shade;
 Obedient nature pours her sweets around,
 And smiles distinguish'd on the chosen ground.

But wayward dreams had robb'd *Florella's* rest,
 And naughty visions rack'd her gentle breast;
 A wild disorder, and unguarded air,
 Flush'd her fair cheeks, and discompos'd her hair,
 So, where the founding North untimely blows,
 In balmy ruins curls the silken rose;
 It's luscious folds a threefold sweet bestow,
 And the ripe colours in the conflict glow.

Yet how, when lock'd in sleep the virgin lies,
 Delusive charms should swim before her eyes;
 How forms which not exist, but merely seem,
 Cause the soft murmur, and extatic dream,
 Let sages write; I boast not to divine
 (A task unworthy of the tuneful Nine.)

" *Phillis*, with sighs began the pensive fair,

" Methought——(but first adjust my rumpled hair)

" Methought

" Methought I sat within a sable grove,
 " Sacred to rites obscene, and lawless love,
 " When strait my girdle without human hand
 " Unbuckling, faithless loos'd its guardian band;
 " Loose flew my robes, as when the flow'rs display
 " Their full blown softness to the blaze of day:
 " Each rebel pin at once associate fled
 " From stays, from gown, from ruffles, and from head;
 " From that small train whose fairy ranks uphold
 " The cobweb-burden of the mechlin fold,
 " To the tough corkin, whose unequal'd strength
 " Props the superior plaits enormous length:
 " When now the gales, which had at random stray'd,
 " On me united their invasion made;
 " With lawless licence at discretion press'd,
 " Pour'd on my lips, and quiver'd in my breast;
 " I shriek'd, and yet methought 'twas not severe,
 " A Force too gentle ev'n for Maids to fear:
 " I wak'd; uneasy at my peevish scream;
 " For silence best becomes the virgin's dream.

" Quoth *Phyllis*, dreams are whims, and seldom more,
 " (I value not a rush *Artemidore*)
 " From different food the different fancies flow,
 " Alert, uneasy, phlegmatic, or slow.
 " Hence sullen Prudes may in a vision smile,
 " Warm with the joys which waking they revile.

" And

- " And to the brain as various fumes succeed,
 " Rakes marry, Bullies fight, or Critics read:
 " Reflect, and you may soon an instance see;
 " The nymph who sips upon quadrille and tea,
 " In sleep, affected by the cogent streams,
 " Of full canals, and falling waters dreams;
 " If fullen coffee close the sober night,
 " Dark walls, and abby-grates amuse the sight;
 " But dreams of most import (if late apply'd)
 " In chocolate's productive fumes reside.
 " This by the bye — but dreams there are (besure)
 " That can the test of prophecy endure:
 " Such once was mine — in regions far away,
 " Near the fair borders of the silver Tay,
 " My father dwelt, a priest of homely kind,
 " And worthless — save the merit of the mind.
 " To this world's good so little was his view,
 " He deem'd it robbery to force his due;
 " In vice so little read, he scarce did know
 " The various masks that screen'd his ghostly foe,
 " So fought a random field, and blindfold dealt the
 " blow.
 " A clerk he had, a youth of sprightly mien,
 " Whom would I had or gain'd, or never seen.
 " Once after sauntering supperless to bed
 " It chanc'd I dreamt this clerk of ours was dead;
 " Methought they buried him in meet array,
 " My father with an hatband led the way;

" A

" A holy book he held expanded wide,
 " And ever as he reads, the people cry'd:
 " Loud knoll'd the bell, and from the graves around
 " The trembling earth return'd a fullen sound.
 " Next, by the sad supporters born on high,
 " In air slow-sliding mov'd the coffin by;
 " Black was the pall as night, and all below
 " A snow-white sheet to grace the horrid show.
 " The moon shone full, and to my tortur'd brain
 " Fantastic gleam'd the visionary train:
 " I wak'd, and oh ! reverse of equal fate !
 " I heard this clerk of ours had married *Kate*.

Scarce had she spoke, when at the gate below,
 Arriv'd a greeting from the love-sick beau;
 In mystic characters his flame he told,
 In virgin sheets contain'd, and edg'd with gold;
 Bold stood each letter in grotesque array,
 Unconscious of the pen's presuming sway;
 Nor square, nor round, nor long, nor large, nor small;
 For neither did they seem, and yet were all,
 So lawless comets strike th' astonish'd eye;
 So sure prognosticate a ruin nigh,
 Not twelve sleek chaplains could have read the page,
 Twelve full-fed chaplains of our modern age;
 Yet she at sight the secret meaning knew:
 For love, who dictates, will unriddle too.

But

But now for dress our busy Nymph prepares,
 (That curs'd addition to the female snares!)
 And strait at once appears in order gay,
 Each kind assassin of the languid day:
 The fairy shoes to clasp her tender feet,
 The snow-white stocking, elegantly neat;
 The garter wont it's circling folds to tie
 Round the fair surface of the polish'd thigh;
 The combs to part, and regulate with care
 The rich profusion of her swelling hair;
 The soft pomatum, and the patch-box vain,
 The pin insidious to the heedless swain;
 The ribonds, red, blue, yellow, white, and green;
 The glass, amusement of the prude in spleen;
 The stays unyielding, and the stiff brocade,
 The dog, the cat, the monkey, and the maid.

T H E
F A L L

B O O K III.

BUT deep in thought, and with a careless air,
 Our artful Lover fill'd his easy chair :
 A huge romance his busy fingers thrum'd,
 He mus'd while reading, and while musing hum'd.

As when a Critic Beau on shifting day,
 Steals unsuspected to his favour'd play ;
 Where, with the glass alike and poet smit,
 He stares divided 'twixt himself and wit:

So far'd our hero ; in his gentle breast
Florella reign'd despotic, and confess'd ;
 But still where'er he turn'd his ravish'd eye,
 His figure fac'd him in some mirror nigh :
 His figure oft, and oft the nymph would yield ;
 And this, and that, by turns maintain'd the field.

While thus his well-pois'd mind to neither bends,
 A ghastly Fantom at his feet ascends ;
 A Female's aged Form the spectre wore,
 And loose and gorgeous was the robe she bore ;
 Uncouth it sat, and tarnish'd was it's hue,
 Soil'd by the magic night's unwholsome dew ;
 Sunk were the fury's eyes, and visage vile ;
 She forc'd, but hardly forc'd a harlot-smile ;
 Then thus began: " And dost thou silent pine,
 " While all the labour, all the pain is mine ?
 " Unactive mortal ! think what fame attends
 " The curse of Rivals, and the praise of Friends :
 " Think what 'twere worth, this virgin prize to gain,
 " This boasted pattern of the peevish train !
 " Not that bold He a wider praise shall claim,
 " Who burnt their temple to erect his fame.
 " Be thine this living temple to destroy ;
 " In pride pursue it, and in flames enjoy ;
 " Nor hard the task : 'Twas at the midnight noon,
 " By the white glimmering of the sickly moon,

" When dreary-dripping fogs and mists obscure
 " Our sacred rites and forceful labours screen,
 " From cloyster'd walls where saints their hours improve,
 " (The last recess of luxury and love)
 " From grass-green arches sacred to the view,
 " I brush'd with mystic spells the raneid dew,
 " Parent of wanton dreams! and o'er her head,
 " All guiltless as she lay, the fateful Philtre shed.
 " 'Tis noon, and yet my charm it's pow'r maintains,
 " Flames o'er her cheeks, and trembles in her veins.
 " Haste then, e'er lost in thought, and cooling pride,
 " The mantling venom of the god subside.
 " She said, and ceas'd. The youth to dress arose,
 Thus doubly arm'd with council, and with cloaths,

As when some butterfly sets out to play,
 Pert with the tepid noon's informing ray ;
 Secure he wantons on his infant wing,
 And spreads the painted trifle to the spring ;
 On each fair flow'r in pride pretends to rest,
 A guiltless, light, imperceptible guest :
 So *Clodio* shone ; trip'd instant to his chair,
 Inclos'd, his slaves convey'd him to the fair.

Ye guardian Nine, whom watchful heav'n design'd.
 The soft instructors of the frailer kind,

Smile

Smile on my lines, which only aim to show
 What to themselves the trifling charmers owe.
 Think, think, ye fair, how fame unheeded flies,
 The coxcomb's topic, or the ruffian's prize.
 With wrinkl'd foreheads for the *Vole* ye play,
 While Virtue (losing card) is smil'd away.
 Be that a gift, but to desert alone;
 While kept in honest hands, 'tis still your own.
 What nymph of spirit would descend so low,
 To sigh beneath the mercy of a beau?
 Your honour still, as churls their riches use,
 With insolence retain, with caution lose.

Virtue! thou mimic pow'r, the pedant's dream,
 The knave's profession, and the atheist's theme!
 By prudence warn'd, thy precepts we revere,
 And only idolize, because we fear:
 To thee with equal claim and art pretend
 The fawning tyrant, and proscribing friend;
 While with thy real self (profane to tell!)
 The poor, the wretched, and the friendless dwell.

Say heavenly muse, ('tis thine that task to claim)
 What shoals of swains address'd our gentle dame.
Florio, the first, a beau of blameless life,
 Unstain'd with anger, avarice and strife;

To use his time one jot he never knew ;
 To make it sparkle was his proper cue.
 So doting keepers half their wealth employ
 To dress the rampant punk they ne'er enjoy.
Fiorella view'd his ever-blooming grace,
 That more than female softness in his face ;
 She paus'd, and found by impulse strong within,
 A beau and beauty were too near a-kin.

Fabritio next, of life politely ill,
 Sustain'd by vice, and justify'd by skill.
 To marriage-laws no friend profess was he,
 He swore the priests had forg'd them for the fee.
 With dice he chas'd the live long night away,
 In plenty restless, and in ruin gay.
 Let 'squires at taxes, cits at treaties rail,
 No state-deductions o'er the *Main* prevail.
 Bold his address, and well conceal'd his art,
 (An apt temptation for a female heart !)

Next in the rear advanc'd a motly train,
 From shop, from court, from commons, and campaign :
 But these in vain had urg'd their humble suit,
 Had heav'n decreed that *Clodio* should be mute.
 So hapless *Troy* had long in triumph stood,
 And drain'd the braggart *Greeks* decreasing blood ;

But

But Ocean's grizly pow'r to vengeance flew,
Her heroes blasted, and her tow'rs o'erthrew.

Florella now; in finish'd splendor dress'd;
Receiv'd the homage of her fatal guest.
His cloaths shone conquest; but to them he join'd
His Words, the nobler cloathing of the mind;
Like honey sweet they fell — resistless charm!
Like that, the plunder of some noisy swarm;
Yet well transpos'd, and which might quite declare,
They bore no methodizing blockheads care.
As the fleck'd heavens, in summer's ev'ning ray,
Fantastic forms and shapeless clouds display,
Which not united by the stream of light,
Divide attention, and confound the sight:
So spake the youth, successful in his case:
For form but teaches, liberty will please:
Or regular or not, was one with him:
Love knows no symmetry beyond the limb.
He talk'd of wonders undeclar'd before,
What hazards he had brav'd, what hardships bore.
On each fam'd place full well he could declaim,
Praise all it's beauties, and forget it's name:
Could tell (if noted) for what proper grace,
The mart for women, or the price of lace,
Then he declar'd how all his labours past
Were well rewarded by their fruits at last:

What

What court was paid him by the wit and beau;
 How one to dress aspir'd, and one to know:
 Well could he judge of plays; and oft had seen
 How humble authors hitch their pieces in,
 Expunge, acknowledge, shorten or enlarge,
 As the learn'd sages of the scene shall charge:
 For bashful poets, better taught than fed,
 Give up the labour'd line in hopes of bread.

She heard; *Florella* heard his tempting tongue:
 Such wit, such wonders in a form so young!
 Attentive sat she, like some love-sick maid
 Who steals unheeded to the friendly shade,
 And silent list'ning hears as in a dream
 The midnight murmur of the falling stream.
 She prais'd his tale, and marvell'd much to find
 A Beau, the master of so brave a mind:
 "How lov'd at home! what wild desires to range!
 She said, (but swore not) it was passing strange.

The youth with transport view'd his charmer fir'd,
 And blest the passion which himself inspir'd:
 In her disorder'd form, confus'd and odd,
 He saw and hail'd the stimulating god.
 Heedless she gaz'd, and reckless of surprize,
 Wild flew the glances from her humid eyes.
 So, where swift streams their shallow course pursue,
 And the shelv'd bottom glimmers to the view,

The

The heedless fish their fatal banquet try,
 Expos'd, and aidful to the angler's eye :
 Their sable backs now dart a doubtful gleam ;
 Now flash their shining scales amidst the stream ;
 Now down they shoot, precipitately bright,
 In one short tract of momentary light :
 Watchful He stands, and (savage to relate!)
 Admires their beauty, while he plots their fate.

But *Clodio*, mindful of the morning sprite,
 Seiz'd the white hour, and urg'd his hop'd delights.
 For not unwisely does your nurse declare,
 ' The lucky minute ever wins the fair.
 If then some hidden pow'r their fancies move,
 Caprice, Digestion, Gallantry, or Love ;
 Or if the Genius more intensely reigns,
 And forceful revels thro' the swelling veins ;
 Whate'er it be, an easy prey they yield,
 And having long maintain'd, betray the field.
 Her lips he seiz'd ; those lips which e'rt before
 The vernal zephyrs had with awe forbore :
 The sun alone the soft sensation knew,
 Swell'd the ripe blush, and revell'd in their dew.
 These once resign'd ; what wanted to complete
 The grand, irrevocable, last defeat ?

An.

An aunt *Florella* had (*Urganda* call)
 Of visage meagre, and of stature tall:
 A maiden had she pin'd full forty year,
 Yet none could say her wedding-day was near:
 True to her parish-church was ever she,
 If the bell toll'd, she mov'd by sympathy:
 Yet zealous as she was, 'tis often said,
 She rail'd with more devotion than she pray'd:
 Sharp was her nose, sagacious to the view,
 Twice twenty frosts had pinch'd it black and blue.

This finish'd form, as to such uses doom'd,
 The virgin goddess of the bow assum'd,
 And hast'ning strait her interrupting aid,
 Dash'd the bold lover, and reliev'd the maid:
 Amaz'd he rose, defrauded of his prey,
 Short'ning with direful oaths his homeward way;
 Such oaths, as beaux in mood unmeaning swear,
 When they, or rail at, or address the fair,
 So screams a parrot in his splendid cage,
 If hunger-force, or *Miss* provoke his rage;
 With half-form'd voice invokes the gods to ill,
 Scant in his pow'r, but prodigal of will.

T H E

F A L L.

B O O K IV.

BUT *Jove*, yet anxious to preserve the fair,
 Rotiz'd the whole god to aid, and urg'd it there:
 Full on the nymph, just panting with surprize,
 Benign he fix'd his ever-wakeful eyes :
 Those eyes which view with undetermin'd ken
 The pigmy toils of momentary men ;
 How vain-recording monuments decay,
 A mould'ring tribute to the waste of day ;

What

What short liv'd dates our goodliest schemes attend,
 How late projected, and how soon to end!
 For swift succeeding in eternal light,
 Unnumber'd ages flow before his sight:
 From these he turn'd, and on the Fair intent
 Still hop'd to mitigate, if not prevent.

But first he deem'd his purpose was of weight,
 To search the annals of unerring fate:
 Volume mysterious! in whose sacred page
 Stands the long past, and distant-rising age;
 There shines each hero, register'd in sight,
 From haughty *Nimrod* to *La Mancha's* knight.
 Each beauty's name adorns it's ample store,
 From wholesome *Venus*, to the suburb whore.
 Here might you read some future empire's doom,
 If fate can rear the load — perhaps a *Rome*:
 There the short date of some assuming toast;
 Who made her teeth, and what her eye brows cost.

The poet's lot was there, (that gift divine!)
 Which happier dunces envy while they dine:
 Here was the critic's surly curse; and here
 The smiling sanction of the white-tooth'd peer;
 At large was drawn, with how, and where, and when,
 Each great vicissitude of purse, and pen;
 How first on bulks the new-born labours lie
 Wet from the press, and tempting to the eye;

How

How last, to pies prefer'd, conclude their reign,
A fate the humble Author fought in vain.

To this the god refer'd : The Direful Three
Turn the huge leaves, and seek the dark decree :
Attendant thunders burst around his head,
And by the lightning's livid glare he read.

Each muffled God (as custom was) withdrew,
And *Jove* himself stood silent at the view.

But *Dian*, patroness of virgin fame,
In secret thus reproach'd the *Cyprian* dame.

" Yet shall thy Coward Arts at will ensnare

" The brave, the wise, the virtuous, and the fair?

" Is human weakness (fie!) a rival, fit

" For the long prospect of celestial wit?

" Yet count thy boasted trophies; count, and see

" More triumph due to nature than to thee :

" Our sex was form'd for yielding, pity, fear,

" Frail at the best, and ev'n imperfect here.

" Half moulded to your hands, (ignoble prey !)

" Your Infant Mischief, and yourself, betray ;

" For ruin born was woman from the first,

" Soft to be won, and constant to be curst.

" Love in it's purest shape, it's gradual state,

" Amounts to victory, contempt, and hate ;

" Tho' few so true to it's degrees are found,

" But join the wide extrem's, and skip the midmost
bound.

- “ This dart — but *Jove's* impassive orders bar
 “ The noisy nothing of a female war;
 “ This dart, by which the rash *Orion* fell,
 “ What yet I meditate, should better tell.

Thus said the fair incens'd; while thus she said,
 The glitt'ring crescent trembled on her head.
 But fraudulent *Venus*, with accusom'd wile,
 Soon ca'm'd her rage, and answer'd with a smile.
 “ Art thou, is *Venus*, then so little known,
 “ That I should tremble at a sister's frown?
 “ Hence; let the woodland herd thy fierceness fear,
 “ There strain the bow, and give to sing the spear.
 “ Why here this strife? their hands let *Hymen* join,
 “ Allow'd by thee, the management be mine.
 “ Thence shall a race arise, whose patriot art
 “ To utmost *Tbule* shall the Mode impart;
 “ Thence gilt machines o'er *Zembla's* ice shall roll,
 “ And brilliants flame around the freezing pole:
 “ The powder'd *Horrentot* his miss shall boast,
 “ And *Cannibals* no more devour, but toast.
 “ All this the fruit of my proposal see;
 “ A change to wonder at, and worthy me!

Thus sooth'd the beatteous cheat, with smother'd spleen;
 And quash'd the purpose of the sylvan queen.

This from above, — but now 'tis fit we know
What fate attends the lab'ring scheme below.

On *Phyllis* *Clodio* cast an artful eye,
Resolv'd by bribes the yielding sex to try.
Love he had offer'd first; but love was vain
To one, who never ruin'd but for gain.
For he must coin his *Cupid* out; 'tis said,
Who means to win the gentle chambermaid
A grass green purse with fifty guineas stor'd
He took, and thus address'd the shining hoard:

"So may thy power (if yet it can) increase;

"Supream disposer of debate, and peace;

"O'er hood-wink'd justice so may'st thou prevail;

"May birth, right blood, hands, all appear'd thus;

"What *Phyllis* reveals through the region's face;

"As by the eye, and hand, and plume, and hair,

"It seems, as if the same nature were there;

He said, and sought the dame. The dame he found,
With needles, rags and lace encompass'd round;

O'er her fair neck the skein was careless hung;

In silver chains her pond'rous scissars hung.

Of solid brass the thimble which she bore,
 No fall could bruise it, and no point explore;
 True to her work, and meriting of food,
 She stoop'd, and sung, *The children in the wood.*
 The youth began. "Oh thou, whose guardian care
 "Surrounds (an angel's task) that matchless fair;
 "Whose eyes uncheck'd that dazzling form behold,
 "Whose hands adorn it, and whose arms enfold;
 "How oft to thee alone, and sacred night,
 "That shiv'ring whiteness stands confess'd in sight!
 "How sport those polish'd limbs in wanton play,
 "As frisk the lambkins, when the wolf's away!
 "Distracting thought! My secret purpose hear,
 "And judge me only as I act, sincere;
 "Thou know'st my wishes; on my faith depend;
 "Receive this gold, and pledge thy self my friend;
 "Nor think, should her resentment on thee fall,
 "To lose her favour were to lose thy all.
 "Say in his love some surly clown succeed,
 "Hatch'd by his doting fire to save the breed;
 "Drag'd up to shun the town, and taught that here
 "No woman can be safe, or friend sincere;
 "With head sage-shaking who recounts you tales
 "Of ruffians, whores, pimps, pick-pockets, and jails;
 "Nods jealousy, and shews against all rule,
 "One beam of wit bestow'd upon a fool;

"What

"What would he think of thee! thy sprightly air
 "Would soon alarm the booby husband's care:
 "Thou must no more.— He said, and show'd the gold
 In evil hour. She sigh'd; she took; she told.
 Thus leagu'd they fraudulent; while the destin'd Fair
 Smil'd heav'nly on, nor dreamt the fatal snare.
 Rise, rise ye shades for direful death renown'd,
 Rear your pale heads, and cleave the bursting ground;
 Drench'd with the bloody cup, *Cerberus*, rise,
 And view a perfidy shall blast thy eyes;
 No more, oh *Sinon*, boast thy childish joy
 In the red ruins of believing *Troy*;
 For what were *Troy's*, or *Rome's* descendant walls?
 Lo! *Phyllis* falters, and *Florella* falls.

This was their curst intent. At noon of night,
 When sleep, they hop'd, would seal *Florella's* sight;
 By close admittance at a signal made,
 Ev'n to her bed the youth should be convey'd;
 With ruffian steps profane her spotless floor,
 And tread the paths inviolate before.

Oh Sleep! if conscious of thy gentle sway,
 A twofold tribute to thy rites I pay;
 If e'er I sought thy aid my mind to free,
 Turn'd from the mid-day sun, and courted thee:

Or if in dreams thou ever wer't my friend ;
 Didst e'er in gay poetic fumes ascend,
 Compleat a thought yet formless in the brain,
 Or tag the rhyme I labour'd at in vain ;
 If now thy praise I sing, protection own,
 In numbers worthy of thy self alone,
 Fly from *Florella*: see thy prouder care!
 See scepter'd wretches pine thy chains to bear :
 Go hush the nodding bench, or (task more hard)
 The courted beauty, and rehearsing-bard.

Now night involv'd the world: Of deepest dye
 Black clouds close-meeting veil'd the cheerful sky ;
 From her pale orb the conscious moon withdrew,
 And sick'ning planets shun'd the human view ;
 The stars affrighted fled ; save those alone
 Who joyous shine o'er ruin like their own ;
 That graceless train, whom, er't abandon'd, *Jove*
 Plac'd there, the monuments of lawless love ;
 They doubly sparkled o'er *Florella* lost :
 As prudes will flutter round a falling toast.

Ye mystic Nine, o'er worlds unnumber'd spread,
 The hero's wages, and the poet's bread !
 May reams incessant on your altars blaze
 Of songs, if songs delight ; if plays, of plays ;

Forewarn'd

Forewarn'd retire : your aid I here disclaim,
And self-protected at the laurel aim.

Florella now did sleep, and slept as sound;
As wretches in the lake of *Lethe* drown'd.
So sound she slept, one might almost have sworn,
That never maiden slept so sound before ;
It not, beseemeth me, a bard, to say
In what expressive attitude she lay ;
Yet was the sight (howe'er the tale be shrunk)
At least an invitation for a Monk :
One hand so daisy-white her head did bear,
And t'other too was busy'd — (wot you where?)
Had she but talk'd in sleep, as some folks do,
She might have mutter'd marvels not a few.

The destin'd youth approach'd. With fruitless aid,
Her guardian gods a while prolong'd the maid.
Untouch'd of mortals rang the *Toilette* bell,
(Ye present credit, and ye future tell)
But Fate at last prevail'd — I can no more ; —
And conscious *Phyllis* bar'd the guilty door.

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